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MR. B L E N F I E L D.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

TALES OF SYMPATHY.

VOL. I.

An internal Motion, or Agitation of the Mind, when it passeth away without Desire, is denominated an Emotion: when Desire follows, the Motion, or Agitation, is denominated a Passion.

LORD KAIM'S ELEM. CRIT. V. I. 42.

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A N

A P O L O G Y.

WHEN a man sits down amid the bustle of affairs to delineate his own features, and to trace back the various revolutions and frenzies of his past days, he is obliged to apologize for his vanity, for his inaccuracy, and for his self-partiality; and to these errors he is now most unfortunately prone, because, by recapitulation, he lives over again all the little joys and ebullitions of his youth—feels anew the depressure of his disappointments—and suffers again the retort of ingenerosity, disaffection, or spleen.

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I profess to have no novel to present to the fair—neither a rose for the bosom of the mistress—nor intrigue for the abigail;—but I offer a lesson of some sentiment—a call upon the heart of the sympathizing friend—and a tear for those who feel and deserve it.

There are those who live long in the world, without ever knowing their own hearts: to open to them the sources of their chief enjoyment, and set before them their best and choicest satisfactions, is often the only method that is requisite, or effectual, to render them pleased with society, desirous of contributing to the general scale of public chearfulness and virtue, and capable of throwing off that splenetic selfishness which absorbs the mind,

mind,—ignorant of its own qualifications.

The following sketches are the traits of a desultory life—a diversity of conduct—and the pleasures, and the sorrows, of a young and susceptible heart, whose chief misfortune in all his female transactions was—that he loved too much: yet it must be confessed, with Dr. Young, that he who knows not the pure delight, and ever growing tenderness of a chaste love, knows not the most that the fairest can bestow.

Surely there is an excuse that may fairly be pleaded for this diversity; for there is a never failing *egarement* in our nature, which insensibly catches hold on our susceptibility, and turns us to varieties

ties of objects, before we have become acquainted with any one of them. Can we then wonder that our conduct should be but little less excursive than our conversation?—since we almost as often act without thinking, as we speak: and all agree, that in the affairs of the heart, we act from impulse only; and that there is no love where we previously study whether we shall love or not.

M E M O I R S

A N D

O P I N I O N S.

C H A P. I.

HOW I entered the world, or what I did in it for the first sixteen years of my life, is of no concern to the reader : suffice it to say, that the activity of my youth was never testified by my love of letters, though I caught stray particles of learning, which served as a groundwork for future improvement, the prospect of which seemed as far off as the planets are from the earth ; whose ray

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may

may be perceived, but whose genial warmth is reserved for some future period: I was, however, reckoned a promising youth; my disposition was frank and unsuspecting; I was romantically fond of communication, open to every information I could obtain without study, and carried away by the charm of confidence or friendship, in whatever manner they seemed to present themselves.

This disposition, animated by an uninterrupted vivacity, formed itself in my youth, and conducted me in the early walks of public life. I soon began to feel the ardour of an impetuous flow of passion, I became susceptible of every affection, I felt impressions within me which I could easily discover were never derived from the cool regularity of a contemplative life.

But, notwithstanding this temper and frame of mind, I had been accustomed
for

for more than a year since I had quitted the tyranny of birch and grammar, to engage myself rather deeply in the study of argumentative, theological and controversial subjects : philosophical enquiries, and a fondness for disputation, not a little augmented by the sententious precision of my father, who was a grave logician, and whose library furnished large portions of such works, contributed not only to restrain the energy of my nature, but also to render my first character formal and pedantic.

I had the highest veneration for my father's judgment, I was impressed with his superiority of knowledge and virtue, I admired the delights he seemed to experience in all his studious pursuits, and still more when I perceived that by joining in them I augmented his satisfaction. It was at this time, that I laid the foundation of future improvement,—a method of study and of reasoning upon

it; and thus formed a criterion that enabled me to value time as it flies, and to distinguish between the useful and agreeable occupations of the mind. I soon dedicated my time to the cultivation of science, in so large a degree, that I condemned every pastime, protested against fashion, and reprobated the weakness of love.

My brother, to whom I gave very little encouragement to disturb my philosophical reveries, discovered some traits of a more open disposition, and took uncommon pains by lively conversation, by invitations, by company, by raillery, and good humour, to draw me from my silent companions: but his exertions served only to redouble my desire for their society.

In my reflections upon this period of my life, I have since flattered myself that some secret influence accompanied his endeavours:

endeavours: that influence that acts by the name of approbation and esteem when it discovers itself; and in its first notice, by a something that is not yet distinguished by a name; but secretly informs two persons, at their first interview, that they must one day tenderly love one another.

My brother was a man, wound up by sensibility—his heart was cast in the mould of sympathy—he loved the sister—sex—and they had not been sparing of their returns for his love:—he was open-hearted—was soon affected by tenderness—quick at feeling a disrespect, but not less ready to forgive: he was elegant in his manners, rapid in his ideas, free and animated in conversation, and spoke in language that was eloquent and persuasive.

Think, reader, of a young mind, just opening to the world, impressed with

the early signet of filial affection, and now glowing with the first principles of brotherly love : to have been unobservant or insensible to blessings like these, would have argued a disposition fit only to be immured in some monkish cell, and secluded from the future commerce of society.

C H A P. II.

SUCH was the state of my mind and character, when my brother began to use his endeavours to draw me from my seclusion.

It happened that in one of our walks, he made a chance call at the house of a lady where he had long visited in an intimate manner, and whose family, which consisted only of herself and her three daughters, had often heard him speak of me in a style which led them to desire to see a young man so studious and solid as I had been described. The women are peculiarly successful in making men dupes or converts to their own sentiments ; their method is by polite attentions ; and against this power,

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the boasted pride of stoicism cannot prevail; I was too young to have yet felt their captivating effect;—I had learnt to think myself a nothing—I had philosophized away all my natural vanity; and had almost carried myself down to the level of a speculative atom, which had no importance in the scale of being! I had scarcely heard the name of female attention; I now found it one of the most grateful influences that ever beamed its rays upon the human heart! I was, until now, wholly ignorant of the charm of particular notice, nor knew the power of a dark expressive eye, or the tone of an animated female voice:—engaged above description in this new delight, I chide the hasty moments of a tea visit; saw smiles which were never imparted; heard sounds that were never uttered; felt my lips falter, and my eyes grow fixed, and all the mad enthusiasm of momentary passion, crept fast around me, and absorbed my heart!

Miss

Miss Lambert was all that might thus affect a young and susceptible mind ; I then thought her much more :—I have forgot half my sensations ; but I well remember that I discovered it was no unpleasing trial to be rallied by a lively woman on our peculiarities.

Having drawn from me some very disrespectful expressions on the belle passion, and the loss of time which was daily sacrificed to dress and public amusements, she addressed me in an air of so much good humour, with an invitation to attend her in a party to the opera the following evening, in which her own family and my brother had agreed to join, that I found myself surrounded with new animation, and began already to charge the hours with tedious delay that were to run out before the wished-for moment of rendezvous.

Insurmountable and often insupportable as are family difficulties, I nevertheless waded them all, and after a long day, in which my books lay scattered on my table, and offered me no traits worth contemplating, I hastened to Mrs. Lambert's.

So, Sir, said my fair encourager, you can spare some of your time for an opera, and can throw away some of your grave reflections upon the follies of dress and public amusements; I perceive, addressing her sister, I perceive the young Tyro has made the most of himself—Perhaps, Sir, I may condescend to make you my beau, if you'll promise not to be so great an enemy to the ladies.—Madam, said I, your conversation is a far more pleasing subject of attention than any I have yet met with—I can never presume to be an enemy.—Yes, Sir, interrupted she, you are, when you presume to rail against the belle passion as you did yesterday.

day.—The party being all collected, we set off for the opera.

While we were taking our places in the pit, a man tall, and marked with the air and pride of fashion, rose from his seat, and hastily brushing past us, smothered his face with his handkerchief and raised a violent cough, distorting his features that he might not be known; he left the pit for a short time, but as the attention of part of the company near us was drawn towards the door, I turned that way, and perceived the same man looking towards us with the greatest earnestness; the company seemed to fix their eyes upon us, waiting for some denouement of what seemed a mystery as well to myself as to them; but as I felt myself a stranger to the manners of the house, I resolved to be very circumspect, to make no observations, nor even to speak, lest my ignorance might prove disgraceful to my party.

“By heaven, it is she,”—said the strange gentleman to a companion he had now brought in with him.—“You shall speak to her,” said the other—“Who has she with her—are they her daughters?”—These last words caught the ears of our party; they looked towards the door—but the gentlemen withdrew into the lobby.—The ladies remained perfectly unconcerned, and seemed not to entertain the least idea how much they really were interested: something, however, (for what cause I know not,) impressed my mind that this was the prelude to an affair which might call for more address than I could boast of, and for all the spirit that my brother possessed.

When the theatre closed for the evening, we found great difficulty, from the house having been very full, to get to our chairs, and as we passed through the crowd, I perceived the same men earnestly watching

watching us ; and as the companion was urging his friend to speak to Mrs. Lambert, I put her into her chair, which they seemed determined to follow : I apprised my brother of this ; we all arrived safe at Mrs. Lambert's, and seeing no more of our strange observers, we separated.

My brother was a man of that intimate gallantry, that he made every one familiar at a first interview ; he taught me to prune off all notions of distance or prudery from my system, and forewarned me strenuously against the female contempt I should certainly meet with, if I adopted so inconsistent a principle of conduct. My brother found his pupil too partial to his tutor not to adopt all his maxims, and I began already to feel a relish for that easy communication which has proved the balm and delight of my life.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lambert and her family had fallen from the height of affluence to frugal parsimony: an affair of honour, wherein the cast of a die, or the turn of a card had roused the folly of human pride, was the cause of a separation fatal to the peace of mind of all parties. Signor Lambertini was a native of Italy, but in the course of his travels, formed his most essential connections at Madrid, where he first saw the lady already mentioned: his accomplishments were attractive, and his fortune affluent; the lady having lost her father very young, was wholly at her own disposal, and her confidence in her lover but ill disposed her to bargain for the terms of a settlement: they had enjoyed many years of uninterrupted happiness, till the moment just alluded to, when, having fled from the expiring breath of his antagonist, he had only time to collect some valuables for his flight, and to bear away the fading laurels of his conquest, from the frowns of
of

of the world, and from all but the remorse of his own bosom ! A confiscation of his property vested all he had left in the hands of executive justice ; and his wife and family sought a refuge in England from the horrors of despair !

If I had felt any admiration for Miss Lambert, (for that was the name they had chosen to assume in England) it was encreased by the compassion which their situation required : I had no sooner heard their story, than I proposed to my brother, some present which might at once be useful but polite : he saw that my heart was almost engaged ; he began to think it his duty to frustrate the progress of an affair which he had himself unintentionally led me into ; his dissuasion was mingled with a warmth and interest, that served by too powerful and zealous objections, only to light up the flame of opposition ; such is the proneness in human nature to a strange contradiction,
that

that in order to awaken an ardent desire of pursuit, no method proves more successful than the dissuasions of some opposing friend. But my brother was by no means concerned to find me so early susceptible of merit and beauty ; and, notwithstanding his fears, pleased himself with the flattering hope, that if I could so soon begin to distinguish them, he need not altogether despair of seeing me one day the child of sympathy, with a heart open and discerning as his own, of the blessings of a virtuous attachment.

C H A P. III.

FROM this period, as I advanced in my acquaintances with the world, I formed intimacies and friendships ; my female circle was the chief object of my attention, as I soon found that there is no pleasure in conversation without the aid of that brilliancy which the women always diffuse around them.—The course of my studies took a sudden change ; I was led to study nature and the refinements of the human heart ; my former pursuits had encrusted my mind with an indigested mass of argument, that gave me no assistance in the desire I had to know mankind ; I could discover nothing in speculative philosophy which could teach me to judge of the manners and the rights of men ; and
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with respect to the women, I soon learnt that there was no science yet extant, by which their characters could possibly be either delineated or well understood.

My brother, who had studied no other volume, but the great volume of the world, was labouring with the most strenuous zeal to instil into my mind generous opinions, humane and compassionate sentiments, and fervid and manly probity; and to mingle with these ingredients the charm of a pure affection. How often, tender philanthropist, how often hast thou with tremulous voice, and beating bosom, laid open to my listening ear the story of thy own affections; the checks of thy little pleasures, thy follies, the insolence of fortune when she frowned upon thee, and the reward of thy perseverance in the cause of thy tenderest emotions!

But

But the restraints he laid upon me, relative to the family of Mrs. Lambert, while they proved his regard to me, served also to cool that ardor I had caught so soon : I began to feel myself punished as it were, and I have since considered this as the semblance of a dawning passion : my friendship for my brother grew into the most unlimited confidence, I looked up to his judgment in affairs of this kind, as implicitly as I did to my father's in cases of literature ; but yet I often stole unperceived to the house of Mrs. Lambert, where a few short hours of familiar conversation, were increased in their value by the fears of interruption with which they were accompanied.

But a short time convinced me that this family were guided by the charm of novelty ; every new face received the utmost of their attention, which was exhausted in a few visits : I saw others flattered by the same notice which had
 duped

duped me ; I felt my fund of conversation decline ; and what I had received as seducing regard, fell into vulgar freedom ; which dispersed the reverie of vanity that had nearly broke down all my resolution.

Fresh occupations and engagements soon taught me that I had not felt the real influence of an attachment ; and had not an event which happened about a year afterwards tended to renew the interest I had felt for this family, I might, perhaps, have lived till this time without any other intercourse than what often arises from forced complaisance.

I was desired to accompany a particular friend to one of the prisons in the city, to visit a poor man whose creditors were determined to sacrifice him to their resentment : we were directed to ascend a narrow dark stair-case, which resounded with the noise and confusion of innumerable

merable voices and hasty footsteps, which seemed to collect upon the landing-place: at length, by the help of a glimmering light, which came from a door which a little fresh coloured girl had just opened, we discovered a crowd of miserable creatures running into a room at the end of a long passage, which led to various apartments; we enquired for the person we wanted, and were told by the child, it was her papa:—a low faint voice immediately desired us not to be afraid to enter; we followed the little girl, to be witness to a scene of humiliating sorrow, that would have melted the most obdurate heart: the weather was cold and severe, a dreary fleet drove in through a broken casement, the walls were bare, and on a shattered bed, almost falling to pieces, and with scarcely any decent covering, lay the piteous object of fortune's frown; he was old and infirm, was taking some broth from the hands of the partner in his misery, while five small children were
scattered

scattered about the room, and another was endeavouring to toast by the embers of a charcoal fire, the dry remains of a mouldy crust, which had been saved out of the last meal. How does the heart of an Englishman recoil at such a scene, and implore the forgiveness of heaven for those men, who are so insensible of the blessings they enjoy, as to deprive a fellow-creature and his innocent dependents of every comfort, for a resentment which can never restore the trash they so rigorously pursue.

The poor man's wife, who seemed a tender and deserving woman, assisted him to rise; his cloaths were soon adjusted, and being seated on the side of his bed, he related in the most afflicted and pathetic tone of voice, the short story of his distress, of which the following is the substance.

He

He said he was a native of Piedmont, had been captain of a French coasting vessel, and was taken prisoner in the last war by an English officer, who was now fellow prisoner with himself; and that for some small debts, which necessity had impelled him to contract, for the support of his family, since his residence in this country, he had been reduced to his present forlorn situation.—Disappointment and disgrace had ~~cast~~ their heavy load upon him, and he had sunk under their weight! This was a scene with which I was yet unacquainted; I beheld him, and the wretched group which had gathered round him, to hear the repetition of their father's sorrows, with involuntary tears of the deepest concern: a big drop stole down his cheek—he heaved a hollow sigh—looked round upon his little miserable family, and sunk upon the bed behind him!

At

At this moment, a man whose countenance and manner bespoke the utmost disorder of mind, rushed into the room, and seizing me by the hand—instited upon my following him, for he wanted my advice:—"That I am not able to give you," said I, in no small consternation; my friend interposed, and a short scuffle ensued before we were separated.

The poor old French officer had by this time recovered from his bed, and with the characteristic politeness of his nation, was noticing all his visitors, of which he had now a numerous train, and was entreating them to have the goodness to make use of his humble apartment to settle the affair amicably.

I am a gentleman of family, fortune, and character, said the stranger, I have been grossly injured, and I have no person here who can point out to me the means of legal redress:—My friend,
returned

returned I, is a professional man, and therefore better able to advise you than myself:—he promised to be calm, and we yielded to his urgent entreaties to follow him. When we were assembled in his own apartment, he said, that he had been engaged in an affray, at a tavern, the preceding evening; that in the midst of the confusion he had been violently dragged to prison, and was not suffered to see the nature of his commitment; and of this act of injustice he complained loudly, as unconstitutional. After my friend had explained to him the difference of his situation, which arose from the sudden charge given to a peace officer, and which was legal, without any commitment from a magistrate, who would still examine into his case; he remained composed for some time, waiting for that period, which the keeper assured him was near at hand.

He then amused himself with general conversation, and pressing a fee upon my friend, insisted upon detaining him till the examination was over; and putting his hand into his coat-pocket, took out a great number of guineas and bank-notes, carelessly mingled together, which he cast upon a table near him, and desired the keeper to introduce to him any of the most proper objects of compassion then in his custody.

Two men first made their appearance; one of them was a man of about thirty years of age, was tall and well proportioned, and wore a resolute aspect; he said he was a naval officer, in the service of his Portuguese majesty; that he had been confined two years and an half, during which time he had fortunately become acquainted with the gentleman who had been introduced along with him: that they had contracted a very strict friendship for each other, had

had enjoyed an unity of sentiment and manners, had soothed each other's concerns, and participated as well in their little chearfulnesses, as their sorrows and devotions; and that they had thus contracted themselves together, had bid adieu to the world, except in the recollections of their story, and had no desire to leave their present situation.

While the Portuguese captain related this account, his companion leaned his arm upon his shoulder, and his eyes seemed to glisten with peculiar pleasure at the declaration of his friend.

Can you pretend to say, said our hero, that this womanish friendship you boast of, is preferable to liberty? But you don't know what it is; you never enjoyed it in the service of Portugal: would you serve again, if you had your free choice?

He answered, that nothing could induce him to wish for freedom.—I'll pay your debt, and release you, said the gentleman.—The captain smiled. The request was renewed and urged.—The Portuguese captain, with a saturnine firmness of countenance, made this reply.

Portugal will protect her servants in as much enjoyment as the military can boast in this country; that were it not for the malice of one villain, who had robbed him of his liberty and honor, he had now, perhaps, been active in his master's service, whose allegiance he would ever cherish nearest to his heart: that if the gentleman had a secret idea of purchasing him into the English service, it was an insult to his character, that he could have borne in no other place.

On saying this, he turned hastily towards the door, when the gentleman,
who

who had never taken his eyes from him during all the time he had been speaking, rose up to embrace him for his magnanimity, and sliding a guinea into his hand, wished him his liberty and the laurels he deserved.

His companion would have withdrawn at the same time, but the history and sentiments of his friend redoubled our curiosity to hear some account of his own.

He said that his debts were considerable, that he was a native of Germany, and had served as a volunteer in the Imperial army; that his country had not rewarded his merit as he felt it deserved, whereupon he had withdrawn to England, where he had met with more causes of disgust; for here he had entered freely into the service, and that all his exertions in the last war had procured no other than the scars he retained, and a paltry lieutenancy, which he had re-

jected: that he had found a kind companion, and he wished to hear no more of the world or its affairs!

But your exertions might now, perhaps, be rewarded, said the gentleman, if you would return to the service.

Never, returned he, with the keenest acrimony, never, if they would offer me a staff.

Here the poor lieutenant quitted the room; our hero, as I once before called him, accused him of self-interest, and swore he had no real spirit or blood within him.

I remarked, that this was by no means candid, to heap reproaches and contempt on a soldier who had become disaffected from unjust neglect; that it was too often the case, that the services of brave men were forgotten, and sunk
before

before those who had money to purchase rank, or friends to influence their promotion.

Our impetuous companion replied, that a man whose business and science is arms, will make but an indifferent figure as a soldier, who counts the value of his actions only by the emolument he expects to reap from them : he never can act with true courage, because courage is not consistent with any other quality but unlimited independence. Look, said he, at that Portuguese ; honor and the love of his country, shine through all his dishevelled tatters ; although he has not a coat to cover him, he yet braves misfortune and a gaol ; his patriotism, more than his friendship for this fellow, has held him up above despair, and lightens the misery of his lot.

Several other objects immediately entered the room ; filthiness and rags, and

lassitude, seemed to fill up the measure of their existence; they all expressed their gratitude, for they were not suffered to withdraw unnoticed.

The time was now arrived when the magistrate required our attendance.—As we passed the door of the French officer's apartment, our hero suddenly left us for a moment, and we heard the old man's voice at the door, as they parted, *Le bon Dieu vous aime!* repeated the old man.—The prisoner conducted himself, on his examination, with firmness, but not without passion; it appeared that he had given orders for a very expensive entertainment;—his orders were discredited, and the guests arrived without finding any preparations for their reception; after a long delay, a sumptuous repast was served up, and in the heat of Burgundy and Champagne, this gentleman had wreaked his resentment upon the landlord, his waiters, glasses, and furniture.

The

The magistrate recommended an immediate compromise, to which the prisoner refused to submit, and was actually suffered to depart, without making any compensation, or entering into any security for the damage he had caused.

I followed him to a coffee-house, and endeavoured, but in vain, to know more of his history; any relation of which he seemed as carefully to avoid: he said he had been in England but a few days; that he was in London about a year since, but should leave it in the following week, in order to go to America, from whence he believed he should never return; he said he thought he had seen me somewhere, but could not then recollect; shook me heartily by the hand, wished me my health, and hastened out of the room.

C H A P. IV.

I WAS so much impressed by the scene already mentioned, that for some time my mind was continually occupied with its circumstances ; I related to my brother a much more circumstantial account of it than I have now been able to recollect, and he furnished me with the following short history of Mrs. Lambert's marriage.

That since the extraordinary meeting of the stranger at the opera, he had frequently, by conversations with the young ladies, discovered who he was ; that his name was Stevens ; that being at Madrid, he had seen and admired their mother, who was then esteemed one of the most elegant women in that city ;
that

that she was then very young, and the gentleman being a foreigner, and a protestant, her friends could never be induced to acquiesce in his proposals, and he took his leave. That about a year after, she met Lambertini at one of their fashionable tertullias, and his character and fortune rendering his devoirs more acceptable, the friends of both families urged and effected their union: that not long after Mr. Stevens acquired by the death of an uncle, who died without issue, a very considerable estate in England, and being in the Spanish trade, his name and property at Madrid were currently known: that Stevens not having received the least information of this marriage, hastened to Madrid, in order to lay himself and his fortune at the feet of his mistress; but his surprise scarcely equalled his chagrin, when, on his arrival, he found her in the possession of another: the disappointment served only to introduce him to a set of companions,

whose principles were the gaieties of pleasure, and whose only affection the luxuries of sensual life; these were scarcely sufficient to stifle his sensations; and therefore every extravagance, and among the rest, very high gaming, contributed at once to absorb his mind and his fortune; and the changes of temper and success which this kind of life continually subjected him to, at length changed an open and generous spirit into unceasing vexation, universal suspicion, and an untameable disquietude of mind.

In this state he had rambled from nation to nation, and wherever he came, soon rendered himself conspicuous, by the most wild and ungoverned conduct; met with frequent chastisement, and had sunk below the level of fashionable folly.

The cause of Lambertini's departure was the topic of public discussion, when Stevens arrived a second time at Madrid; and

and learning that his wife and family had embarked for England, hastily pursued them, in hopes of being able, by fabricating a story of his death, to recover the lost object of his desire.

In the morning, after the scene already mentioned at the opera, Mrs. Lambert received a letter, acquainting her of the death of her husband, and that a gentleman, who had long desired to communicate this intelligence, waited at a neighbouring coffee-house the hour of her appointment. She had scarcely read the letter before Mr. Stevens presented himself: the difference of years, and changes of condition, rendered both parties, for a few minutes, unknown to each other;—they beheld each other in silence—at length, in a faltering voice, he declared his name.

Mrs. Lambert, whose feelings were never the most resolved, scarcely knew
what

what reception, or what civilities to shew him : but when he again, at so unseasonable a moment, urged the continuance of his passion, she bid him think of the intelligence he had brought her, told him to look round upon her family, and blush at his folly ; and desiring never to see him more, hastily left the room.

Some time after this period, Mr. Stevens again waited on Mrs. Lambert, and urged with new ardor a renewal of his attachment :—she said, she doubted his intelligence of the death of her husband, which had never been confirmed from any other correspondent ; that his conduct was extraordinary, but she would hope she might consider him as her friend.—Here he felt encouragement, and warmly declared the most zealous friendship to herself and her family, which no situation or condition in life could ever dissolve. She thanked him
for

for his zeal, and he pressed her to consent to his proposals, which she declined.

He then left her, with reiterated execrations against the world and his evil stars, and determined to drown his chagrin in the vociferous roar of drunkenness, which brought him so lately to our notice, as well as that of the magistrate.

The situation of surprise and doubt, in which Mrs. Lambert was thus left, in regard to her husband's destiny, was too deplorable to be described; but there is a veneration for distress, which is silently paid, more soothing than professions of condolence, or even offers of service: to attempt, by words, to palliate sorrow like this, is but to aggravate its force; reasoning, and flattering hopes, are too cold for its fervor to bear: Mrs. Lambert was restrained from all communication of her sentiments or wishes; she dared not tread between doubt and
hope;

hope; and there were not wanting those who, priding themselves in shrewd observation, attributed all her concern for the uncertainty of her husband's situation, to the conflict she thereby endured in favor of Stevens: but, nevertheless, she could find some friends who knew her disposition and merit, who knew also that sympathy is the best composer, and that it is not till our lot is decided, that we resolve with stability and firmness to bear it. In all situations like these, friends, and confidential friends more especially, have a very difficult part to act; if they feel at all, it is an inward consciousness that makes them backward to utter their latent sensations; they are fearful of expressing too much sympathy, and often verge upon apparent insensibility: in what manner I conducted myself, is now far beyond my recollection, But it may suffice to say, that I continued to be favored with the esteem of Mrs. Lambert and her family.

The

The more I perceived new objects crowd upon and occupy my imagination, the less susceptible I grew of each particular ; I was awake at all times to sentiments of warm affection, but I began already to form notions of the caution requisite in suffering them to appear ; in this I perceived a painful restriction, which often made me regret the difference between my condition and that of a state of nature.—Had we even been peasants, said I, no bar would have repressed this emotion that I feel, and Miss Lambert would probably have been mine ;—but now, while her story excites all my compassion, my prudence compels me not to act the part of her sincerest friend ! Such is the price we pay for civilization, to glitter in the circles of interest and pride, at the expence of that happiness nature has dictated to, and engraven upon the heart.

I returned

I returned to my books—they were dry, and yielded no satisfaction; I mingled with my family; I dared not speak my sensations;—I sought my brother, he was preparing for his travels into Italy and Germany. In this dilemma he discovered my situation; rallied my susceptibility; told me this would be the case with the next girl I became acquainted with; and left England, with these maxims, which I endeavoured always to regard—but often in vain;—never to enter upon explanations, till they were called for; nor ever ask the question, till the success of the answer was tolerably well secured.

How many family disquiets, how many heart-rending conflicts, last embraces, agonies, and tears, would young people avoid, said he, if they would attend to these two principles of conduct, in regard to women! If a young man is rejected, he must act the part of deep distress,

distress, whether he feels it or not; and every woman respects, though she refuses, the man who professes to love her. If he is accepted by the lady, and rejected by either family, the poignancy is greater; for love must then burst forth into all its keenest distress, and both families must bear their portion of a child's affliction! But when all these grounds are secured, the bright ray of human virtue shines not in vain!

C H A P. V.

THE few days which my brother passed in England, were devoted almost entirely to the introduction of me to several of his intimate friends ; among whom he never learnt to make any distinction in respect or esteem, on account of difference of fortune, or the want of public encouragement ; a freedom of sentiment universally prevalent in all his actions, led him to encourage merit wherever he found it, and to soften the frequent discouragements which it so frequently meets with from the illiberal.

A gentleman, whose early labours had distinguished him in the school of Apelles, had long followed with an extreme parsimony the slow progress of his hopes : his
merit

merit was known and admired in the Royal Academy, but the world had not yet acquired the taste requisite to flatter his ambition : while success was hovering about him, my brother introduced him to the notice of a few, who contributed to lead him up to fame : he was a man of solid principle, and zealous in his friendships ; my brother contracted with him a grateful attachment : they adopted from each other a nobleness of soul that seemed to form itself in each other's bosom, and compose a concord more beautiful than usually characterises the hearts of men.

But what more especially rendered this gentleman dear to us both, was his introduction of us to one, whose existence was an honor to this country, was a glory to his native soil, and a just subject of our boast : his name was Shirna Cambo, by birth an African ; he had been born on the coast of Angola, while his mother
was

was weeping over the chains that made her husband and herself captive to English barbarity! The pangs of child-birth, that counted a third fellow-creature forced into slavery, had been the theme of fordid merriment; his mother, however, died in the voyage, by the cruelty of the officers of the ship, and the unhealthy and inhuman confinement of the slaves taken on board; the infant was nourished at the breast of another female, and his father found means, after many fruitless attempts, to rush from the brutality of the worst of enemies into the expanse of eternity, by the fury of his own arm. Shirna Cambo received his name from his purchaser, who discovering a healthy constitution, bought him on speculation, and having at length found his disposition lively, and his temper generous, sent him to England, as a present to an opulent friend.

Such

Such is the fate of those, who, from colour, and ignorance of letters (the only differences I have ever yet been able to discover) are deemed unworthy of our association; and on whom we have presumed, by the cowardly force and terror of arms and artifice, to commit free personal booty! Shame on our vain presumption to the titles of men, and of Christians!

Shirna Cambo had no sooner felt the ardors of manhood, than he learnt the principles of English freedom—asserted his birth-right of human nature, yielded to no master but virtue and himself, and having married a native of his own country, who had suffered a few years oppression in the West-Indies, set forward in a reputable trade, to render himself and his family industrious and respectable members of society.

He

He was the indulgent father of four children, when I was first introduced to him ; his philanthropy and integrity were the examples and admiration of his neighbourhood ; sensibility was a distinguished feature of his character ; his imagination was pure, but unlimited ; his conceptions nervous ; and his conversation animated and engaging.

I loved the cause of humanity from my earliest youth ; the efforts of compassion were some of the first lessons I had been taught : there was a fascinating brilliancy in Shirna Cambo's eye, and an interest in his story, that awakened my attention to him, which procured me, I had almost said, his affection.

It was in *his* conversation, that I first learned the disgrace, the indelible shame of my country ; here I caught that just enthusiasm for freedom, which has accompanied me through life, and will, I hope,

hope, never expire, but with my latest breath: here I first knew the delight of reflecting upon the different lot of mankind, and to feel a real gratitude for my own!

He used to say, that “ if the gaiety
 “ of this great metropolis is not too
 “ general, and if it does not overshadow
 “ every good qualification, could I once
 “ impress the minds of some of those
 “ thoughtless fair ones, who daily traverse
 “ the giddy round of luxury, how many
 “ hours of unceasing toil and pain my
 “ poor brethren suffer to produce them
 “ sufficient for one night’s extravagance,
 “ surely they would listen to me!” If I
 urged the charitable dispositions, and
 almost unlimited liberality, which distinguished the rich and great of these
 times; he would rise from his chair,
 with indignation flashing from his eye,
 and would insist that no charity could
 deserve praise, which was contradicted

by unpardonable barbarity ; he never spoke of the subject, but with tears and the warmest emotion ; he never saw me, but he thought it his duty to impress it deeper on my heart ; he would call forth all the tenderness I felt, and would often address me in the language of a parent :

“ My dear youth, never suffer any
 “ situation, connections, or plausible
 “ arguments, to turn you aside from the
 “ cause of humanity : without this you
 “ cannot cultivate any real virtue ; be
 “ assured, that those who plead for a
 “ practice so contrary to rectitude, are
 “ not friends, whose advice you may
 “ depend upon ; they may startle your
 “ recollection, but never suffer your
 “ eyes to close without examining the
 “ injustice of their opinions, and pray-
 “ ing for their reformation.”

Shirna Cambo was so sensible of his country's wrongs, that nothing but the most sincere conviction of the obligations
 of

of Christianity, could have made him capable of that wide philanthropy which dignified his character. His sentiments, however, were sometimes mingled with an asperity, which I afterwards discovered, arose from, perhaps, a too zealous principle in the cause of virtue.

I was one day conversing with him in the presence of his family, when filial affection was the topic, to which he added the necessity of enthusiasm; I was then too young in life to see the force of this necessity. "The generality of mankind," says he, "feel so little of this enthusiasm, that it is their indispensable duty and interest to fan the flame wherever they can find it ready to kindle." I remarked, that some writers spoke very freely of the duties of parents to their children, and their positive obligations to provide for them, and put them forwards in the world; and thus they would lecture them into a

course of conduct to which nature prompts them of its own accord, and give a needless pain to a sensible mind, under the specious pretext of laying down a system of morals, which the divine hand of Mercy has already written upon their hearts. "True," replied he, laying his hand upon his little boy, who stood at his knee; "and thus they cast
 " a damp on the finest feelings of nature!
 " ture! Why should we throw in the
 " teeth of a parent, by the harsh name
 " of *duty*, what it is his best delight to
 " practise? We might as well be told
 " that our life would dissolve, if we
 " neglected the necessary sustenance of
 " food. If such an author were a father,
 " this could proceed from little else than
 " vanity; if he was not a father, he had
 " little to do in the affair; and if he
 " was a son, it was the result of ingratitude.—But," continued he, "we
 " ought not to be too severe against
 " these writers; for consider, my dear
 " Sir,

“ Sir, you have been born in a fortunate
 “ foil ;—all men cannot boast such pa-
 “ rents as have introduced you into the
 “ world ; and therefore they address
 “ their precepts to those, who not being
 “ well, most need the physician.”

Some neighbours coming in at this juncture, I left the house of Shirna Cambo, fully possessed of the ideas to which this conversation had given rise ; I returned home musing upon the subject, and retiring immediately to my chamber, I counted this the first time that I ever deeply reflected on our filial obligations ; and on the numberless instances of enjoyment of which our parents are the cause : I was borne up to the summit of filial gratitude, and if ever silent, but truly sincere devotion, ascended untainted to heaven's recording angel, my inward consciousness flattered me with its admission, and sealed it with a tear !

Such were the general effects of all my visits to the house of this worthy man ; it was the chief desire of his heart to scatter instruction by the most pleasing and insinuating subjects ; for every decent merriment he had a smile, for every sorrow he had a tear : it was his good genius that rendered him the patron of the one, and the soother of the other ; in this method he had educated his own family, wherein he lived to see and to admire the blessing of an extended circle, where virtue and all the softer characters of Christianity were engrafted and diffused.

In all the changes and chances of my life, I have frequently recurred, with unbounded satisfaction, to the foundation which had thus been laid for me, in the cultivation of friendships like these : whatever may have since befallen my judgment or my prudence, these were the sentiments which upheld me ; and
while

while the reader may laugh at my want of resolution, my errors, or my falling into the weakness of the finest passion, I hope he will not think me quite forgetful of my first principles.

Few persons, it may be presumed, ever followed the pursuit of pleasure, or gratified the bias of human passion, but they have found reflection often restore them to a consciousness of their cooler sentiments, and to a ten-fold ardor for their original principles. Although indulgence has its bane, and tends, by gradual emotions, to extirpate virtue, yet there are dispositions in the world, which it cannot overthrow: here envy is almost excusable!—But though I dare not even appear to justify excess, I would attempt to palliate the severe judgment of those who taste not, or have forgotten they ever tasted, or grieve they can no longer taste, those ebullitions of fancy

or passion, which destroy not the solid work of reason, which shines forth with new lustre, when it has endured its conflicts, surmounted its sorrows, and corrected those follies which sink in the shade, and corrupt not the fruits of virtue.

C H A P. VI.

ACQUAINTANCES and intimacies grow from one another—those we meet with in society please or affect us in some considerable degree, according to the company wherein we first form them, or the transaction which first introduces us together ; in all civilized society, recommendation is the first step to promotion.

Shirna Cambo, by a power that awakened all my esteem, diffused over his family and associates, a resplendency which equally fascinated my regard ; but there was a lady whom I frequently met at his house, whose name was Freeman, and with whose family, my own were, in the slender degree of polite visits, tolerably familiar : to this lady I now proceed to direct the reader's attention.

Mr. Freeman was a man of warm and irascible temper, his regularity in wine and expence had enabled him to pursue with stronger zeal his regard for women ; his lady derived her name from a long and unconquered line of opulence, in Kent ; was beautiful, proud, of open and generous sentiments, liberal in her approbations, and untameable in her contempts : she formed her friendships from sudden impulses, which enthusiasm cultivated in a soil too rich for duration ; and though she had every personal qualification to render the warmest imagination happy, still Mr. Freeman had tasted the charm of variety, and was unable to confine his attentions at home : she was acquainted with his familiarities, but knew nothing of their effects ; she lived in the circles of gaiety ; she was accustomed to join in the admiration of public fame, and the applause of elegant gallantry ; and she felt no inclination to complain,

complain, while she saw this free admiration poured upon her husband.

However extraordinary such a disposition may appear, it gave cause to the introduction of a younger daughter of her husband, which, after some difficulties, needless to relate here, she agreed to adopt. The young lady had begun to distinguish a preference for dress and the *beau monde*, some time before Mrs. Freeman honored me with her very ardent approbation. I received the most pressing invitations to her house, I was honored with an introduction to her parties, I was never omitted at her assemblies, nor ever checked in my attentions to the young lady.—Nature had had favored her with a good temper, which she deemed qualification sufficient; without beauty, without sense, without any desire or power to cultivate the mind, she was lively, interesting, animated, affable, and to a young man,

most uncontrollably fascinated by flattery, she was captivating and amiable.

Her natural freedom led her to grant her conversation with indiscriminate attention to all; at this, I soon began to feel myself offended;—her good humour led her to be no house-wife of her smiles—at this, I felt the workings of envy;—her affability led her to sparkle in every party, without any seeming preference, and here I lost myself!—I admired, I almost adored this charming phantom! I paused a moment; I reflected; I was told of her slender expectations, her high notions, her origin, her expensive mode of life, and her spirit for gaming, which already began to shew itself in all her parties. These were solid arguments it became my duty to weigh: I was not yet too deeply engaged; I could still resolve not to be miserable; I laughed at the character of a dying swain; and such was the lady's disposition, that I

I knew

knew we could laugh at a passion, as well and as freely as at any other foolish fashion in life.

I would love you dearly, said I, if I dared.—I dare you, returned she.—To a forlorn hope, cried I.—Be that as you find it, she replied.—I think you was grave last night, you did not like the play, or perhaps your company, or perhaps the forlorn hope frightened you!—Be that as it may, said I.—From henceforth we passed a few months of very free and desirable intercourse, without having any thing to disturb our minds, and both parties seemed to resolve that it was most prudent to fix their choice within their own respective sphere. But time grew on, and blood grew warm; and female ardor is equally powerful as ours; while the father was eagerly looking out for a husband for his daughter, she was equally assiduous in another quarter for herself.

A gentleman, whose person and fashionable vices added a brilliancy to his character, in the eyes of Miss Freeman, having joined her at several public places, at length desired leave to wait upon her father.

Men of the world know themselves too well to trust one another: companions of wild frolics, or partizans in similar vices, are seldom selected by them, for any other acts of confidence than those which the same pursuits occasion: the proposal was rejected, and the turnpike at Gretna-green became the appointed goal of all their hopes.

Mr. Mansell, the hero of this amour, was the heir to a great estate in the west of England, and was collaterally allied to a baronet, of whose title he had just prospect enough in reversion, to render him vain and extravagant: but these had charms for Miss Freeman, no pen can attempt

attempt to describe; Hymen lighted his torch in the lady's bosom; how soon the fire was fed I dare not insinuate.

I bore the railery at the loss of a mistress extremely well—I was perfectly satisfied that I had thus escaped; but I felt an interest and a concern for the success of their affairs, which, though I had no right to encourage, yet I could not restrain.

Soon after their elopement, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman communicated to me their extreme disappointment; they declared, that for so unexpected and undeserved an act of ingratitude, an irreversible separation should from thenceforth take place between them and Mrs. Mansell, whose name they expected every friend they had never more to repeat.

This, therefore, was no time for amusements; Mr. Freeman lost the pleasures

pleasures of his constant enjoyments, and his lady withdrew for some time from her friends; her door was, however, always open to me, and from the undisguised freedom with which they both entrusted me with their sentiments, I was encouraged to watch a favourable moment to introduce the subject of a reconciliation: but here my success failed; no words or arguments I could offer had influence sufficient to procure a hearing; I resolved, therefore, to suspend every attempt, till the storm had blown over, and till some more interesting and, perhaps, tender motives for a father, might induce him to listen with more attention.

At this period, I found my engagements press upon me; my prospects and pursuits in life opened upon me with awakening satisfaction; my friends were generous; my time was well filled up, and my sentiments ripening into new fervor.

Yet

Yet I began to think I felt a vacuum, which nothing but the expectation of my brother's arrival in England could have alleviated: a concern, of material importance to his interest, had called him home, before he had compleated half his tour;—he received me with the affection of a man whose hopes and best wishes are centered in the prospects and success of another; he found me more suitable to his attention, and, perhaps, more ready to listen to all his observations, and to adopt his sentiments. I related to him the few incidents which had occurred to me during his absence, and he gave me some familiar anecdotes in return, which had served to smoothe the rugged accommodation of continental travelling. He shewed me some of the wild fancies of his muse, and related many embellished representations of the caprices and prejudices of French and Italian manners; but when he spoke of the oppressions of the inquisition, he
blessed

blest his native soil, and implored the mercy and interposition of heaven, to reform a scheme so intolerant, and almost rendered blasphemous by the cloak it wears of zeal in the Christian faith ! He said his papers had been examined and sealed up by an officer of the faith, in every town he passed through ; that he dared not look into them, so as to break the seal without an official presence ; and that he had constantly been obliged to bend his knee to a doll, tricked out with furbelos and lace, whom the blinded people worshipped as the symbol of the mother of God !

He felicitated me on my last fortunate escape, as he was pleased to call it, and stimulated me by every urgent entreaty to pursue my first outset in the road of sensibility ; but at the same time to observe as much circumspection *where to fix*, as it was possible for a young man of some degree of warmth of imagination, when

when he is endeavouring to act his part with *agrément auprès des femmes*.

I have since found, that an external as well as sincere respect for the female sex, is an infallible means of conquering and obtaining their suffrage; and this suffrage, or good opinion, produces their unlimited confidence, which contributes as essentially to the reputation, as to the happiness of our lives: besides, I would have every young man consider this respect as a duty, since, in fact, the women are our mothers, sisters, friends, and mistresses; they have a natural dependence, and therefore a coeval claim upon our regard. They discriminate our inevitable weaknesses—they see our pride, our vanity, or assumed consequence;—but, by respect, we are saved from their derision: they deem it a characteristic of noble and generous qualities; they feel themselves committed to our protection; and their chief aim is therefore to excite our love.

C H A P. VII.

AMONG many other occurrences which had occupied my brother's leisure from his indefatigable pursuit of affairs, he met with one which had materially interested and awakened his feelings ; he was making the best of his way from Turin, through Lorrain, and had reached the approaches of Rheims, when he saw a man who wore the aspect of a gentleman, standing by the water that surrounds the fauxbourgs, and frequently looking towards his carriage, in the most apparent wild disorder. My brother's fellow travellers were three young people, who joined with him in the post at Dijon, who were going to England, on a party of chearful curiosity : they were a pair of lovers just united, and the sister of
the

the bride who had obtained leave from her parents to accompany them on the wings of recreation.

There is a charming vivacity among the French women, which illustrates their characters, and bears them up through all the chances of life: to be sure, the characters of women have been found to vary in different ages and countries; and in France we certainly see their most predominant features are gallantry, coquetry, scandal, caprice, vanity, egotism, and self love:—these all sparkle by collision, and produce that felicitous brilliancy, which gives a zest to foreign manners: in the east, where the women are slaves, these can scarcely be discovered; they are all repressed by one prevailing envy, which incessantly labors by every servile artifice, to please one master and ruin many rivals. In countries where they are subject to their husbands, and devoted to their domestic concerns,

as formerly in Greece, and the early ages of the Roman republic, their dispositions, naturally flexible, bend to their situation; and if the cynic will dare pronounce that thus they are rendered rational and virtuous, at least it must be confessed, that they are also degraded by a tyrannous restraint, far below the intended social, and therefore rational and virtuous, harmony and delight of society.

But among a people who pique themselves on their gallantry, where respect and complaisance form a part of general education, as in France, is it at all surprising, that the public manners should be more refined, and the light of public improvement become irradiating? In France, the conduct and spirit of the women, constitute the laws of civilization; they form the characters of the men, and thus they determine the tone of society. What if the manners of France are more corrupt now, than in
the

the Days of Louis the XIVth ; is this change to be ascribed to the female predominance among them ? All nations rise, attain the summit, and sink in their own ambition : the causes are no other than the natural causes of every thing sublunary ; female prevalence can serve but to alleviate, not accelerate the fall !

My brother thought he recollected the features of the gentleman we have left so long standing near the river that washes the suburbs of Rheims ; he endeavoured to observe him : conversation had continued uninterruptedly during the last stage, and had diffused a charming pleasantry over the countenances of our travellers,—but as they approached the draw-bridge, the stranger looked up towards them, and clasping his hands together, exclaimed with a loud but afflicted voice, “ These are the happy beings of
 “ society, this is what I have so much
 “ envied, and so ardently sought ; but,
 “ deprived

“deprived of all that made life valuable,
“let me seek it in the arms of heaven!”
Here he knelt down for some moments,
then rose with impetuosity, and was precipitating himself into the river.

My brother having sprung out of the coach before he could stop the drivers, had just reached the spot time enough to save the stranger from his rash exit; having dragged him from the shore, the company gave him their places in the coach, wherein my brother accompanied him to their hotel, during which time he had the opportunity of discovering the features of the son of Morençon, a worthy avocat, whose judgment he had consulted during his short stay at Chatillon.

After he was tolerably well recovered, and my brother had dissuaded him, though with much difficulty, from any thoughts of a renewal of his rashness, he pressed him for a recital of his story,
which

which the young man, without hesitation, related.

He said “ that his father had lived long at Chatillon, with unrivalled reputation in his profession : that his mother was the daughter of a captain of invalids, and a knight of St. Louis, but her fortune had not equalled her descent or ambition : that he was the eldest of several children, and that his mother had lavished upon him the most extravagant fondness from his infancy. My father had designed me for his own profession, said he, but my mother, proud of her birth, and full of elevated views for her son, had gained the ascendancy over my father’s judgment, and prevailed upon him to send me to the academy at Paris, where I was to study to be great ; and where I was to make my friendships with the young nobility of France.

“I set out on my journey with the best supplies my family could afford, and the best introductions their friends could procure : I took up my abode in a very genteel boarding-house, which was also inhabited and frequented by the army, and the first rank in Paris. As soon as I entered my name at the academy, and began to prosecute my studies, I was insensibly mingled in a chearful set of companions, who soon taught me the pursuits of elegance, and the charming eclat of eluding my academical exercises. My progress in polite literature was made in the theatre, and the most fashionable assemblies, and the chief of my abilities were engaged in polished pronunciation, dancing, and the alert use of the foil : my person was flattered, and my spirits enlivened. The period arrived when my studies were said to have been closed ; it was allowed that my disposition was that of a man of quality, I had the air and the manner of a young debauchee, I

was

was reckoned to possess the most subtle spirit of intrigue, was pressed by debts, was restrained by no social or tender tie from the riot of seduction, and actually fled by the darkness of the night, to avoid the revenge which awaited me, from the injured arm of an affectionate lover.

“ When I arrived at my father’s house, my mother was enchanted with me ; but my good father saw in my aspect those lines of character which made him shudder for the future welfare of his son.

“ My mother heard the history of my progress with inexpressible satisfaction, but I carefully avoided the least hint of my precipitate retreat from Paris, and never mentioned to my father the life I had led, who continually reflected with concern that my mental acquisitions bore no proportion to the large sums he had advanced on that speculation. I was

now an incumbrance to myself; in a small town where no engagements occupied my time, and no variety amused my indolent imagination: I was unfit for society at home, I was unable to assist my father in his profession, I reflected on my past conduct with horror, and I resolved to plunge into eternity, because the few days left me in this life, hung heavily on my hands."

May I be suffered, said my brother, to ask you the cause of your hasty flight from Paris?

"Your question," said Morençon, "renews to my mind the pain I have suffered on that account; but as you have saved me from the meanest of all crimes, that of suicide, you are entitled to every confidence.

"St. Fondar was one of my most intimate friends; he loved the daughter of a Pari-

a Parisian senator, whose name was Montespan; her beauty and gaiety attracted the notice and admiration of every one who saw her: the first time I was in her company, St. Fondar was by her side, it was at one of the theatres: I was fired with lawless passion; I had hopes, by affecting her gaiety, to seduce her charms, and laugh at my friend: I talked of pleasure, and enumerated my parties, with a zest that overcame her recollection for St. Fondar, whom I was delighted to see a silent but envious listener to my tale: the eyes of Mademoiselle Montespan sparkled at my relation, her conversation grew more and more animated, I saw that she required invitation only to promise me her presence.—I said that the next day would, perhaps, be a time too short for her condescension;—but she put me to no apologies:—I therefore presented her with a ticket for a select party in masks, who were to meet at the house of a lady,

who, to colour my intrigues, had always passed for my aunt :—here I impatiently expected her arrival ;—she was attended by her sister and her lover. Her figure discovered her to me on her first entrance ; she seemed resolved to lead the gaiety of the evening ;—I was favored with her hand in all the dances, which I frequently pressed with the most lively emotion : St. Fondar lost sight of us ; and, favored by this opportunity, I proposed to conduct her to the apartment prepared for refreshments ; but, passing the door, I led her into an adjoining room, where I remained sole possessor of all the delight and luxury of Paris. Here I knelt, and was proceeding to enslave the most spotless purity down to the lowest infamy, when St. Fondar rushed into the room : I had no power to confront him—I saved myself by the most immediate and precipitate flight.

“ And

“And this,” added he, “beyond all my other follies, has fixed its talon here, and will not leave me till my latest breath!”

At this moment my fellow travellers, who had amused themselves, since we all quitted the coach, with visiting the curiosities of the town, the great church and its library, &c. entered the room;—Just heaven! cried Morençon:—St. Fondar!—Astonishment! cried the latter—have I at last met with thee, unwelcome villain! The ladies hastily quitted the room: Morençon looked in the face of St. Fondar, made several attempts to speak, and at length raising his voice, “use me as you will,” cried he—“I am beyond your sacrifice—if you have any revenge satiate it now!”

St. Fondar, full of the most ungoverned rage, rushed upon Morençon, and would have sacrificed him to his fury, had not

my brother interposed. St. Fondar reproached him with being an accomplice in Morençon's villainy, and snatching a pistol which lay upon his baggage, discharged its contents, before my brother had seized his arm. Fortunately the passion of St. Fondar so agitated him, that by his unsteady hand Morençon received no injury. My brother secured that moment of demanding to be heard.

Accident, said he, and accident alone, has rendered me the confidant of this young man's misfortunes; I conjecture that you are the man whom he has confessed to me to have been insulted by him; but he has done you no injury; you are, I presume, in possession of the object of your wishes, untainted by self-reproach, unfulfilled in her tenderest honor: Morençon has suffered conflicts to which his follies have reduced him; and his poignant remorse has carried him to the lowest verge of human weakness;

in

in that crisis, Providence brought us to the spot where he had otherwise hazarded the offended countenance of heaven ; if I have been instrumental in saving his life, let me compleat the work by procuring your forgiveness !

St. Fondar still felt the emotions of honor and gallantry beat high in his bosom.—If, Sir, said he to my brother, if I have suffered my suspicions to lead me to expressions you do not deserve, let the occasion excuse me.—As to Morrençon—I would give half my paternal fortune he were this moment absent from my sight ; I cannot forgive him ;—and I know not how to be revengeful in your presence : my contempt for his conduct can only be measured by my love for my wife, of whose affection and honor, he strove by the basest arts to deprive me.

Here St. Fondar hastily quitted them, and in less than half an hour, himself,

his lady, and sister, set off in a chaise de post, upon their route for Calais.

The confusion in which Morençon had been left, was no sooner abated, than he burst into tears, and falling on my brother's neck,—Forgive me, Sir, said he, but I have no right to hope ;—I am, from henceforth, an outcast in society, and must drag on a miserable existence, the dupe of imprudence and licentious folly.

My brother soothed his concern, made him promise to return directly to Châtillon, and dedicate the remainder of his days to the promotion of the comfort of his parents.

The real blessings of life, health, ease, and the pleasures of society, all become insipid before the man who is agitated by false ambition ; he exists tormented by vanity and envy, and the object of public contempt : although he is beloved
by

by his friends, by his family, by his neighbourhood, yet he enjoys not his fortune, sees not the merit of friends, nor feels the endearments of his family, and forgets the pleasure of doing good : his life which might have passed in the circle of unnumbered gratifications, is consumed in fears and agitations : though he might be independent, he devotes himself to a voluntary slavery : though he sees before him the prospect of satisfaction, he turns out of the road, and rushes on despair !

Poor Morençon ! he had a generous spirit, ruined by unbridled ambition ! Almost every man longs to possess the place of the man who stands before him ! We spring up from our school-days with an unsuspecting heart, we rush into the world, and our youthful generosity falls the dupe of artifice or vanity ; we form friendships from the impulse of sudden

approbation, which by varying interests are soon broken for ever ; and we rely, in the age of manhood, upon the false credit of appearances, which undermine our welfare, or cajole us out of our happiness or property ; and thus we sink into the grave, tolerably tired and disgusted with the world !

C H A P. VIII.

MY engagements and pursuits multiplied beyond my wish ; my studies became only a secondary concern, for a long time ; till by resolution I formed a desirable plan of appropriating a part of every morning to the recovering those arrears which had accrued.

But my mind was so much awakened, by observation of every thing which presented itself new and agreeable before me, that my chief attention was occupied in selecting objects, and cultivating a rational choice : whatever opinions I had formed were now modelled into nature, and the more I reflected and strove to blend speculation with life, the more I found my labours increase, my difficulties insur-

insurmountable, and my affections assuming a predominance which no study or reflection could restrain.

A considerable time elapsed in this state of my affairs, the chief bent of which seemed to be directed by female influence; how to be pleased by them, and find out the means of rendering myself pleasing, became a science more abstruse, more complex, and more critical than any I had yet pursued: and after all, I found myself still characterised by a peculiarity I could never either suppress or well discover, which gave me, however, some little interest in their minds, which I could sometimes turn to my advantage.

Among the circle in which I had for some time past become happily surrounded, was the family of Mrs. Winter. She was the widow of a clergyman, whose merit and literature had received the encouragement of his country, but had
not

not equalled his passion for expence ; in the full vigor of a well spent life, he was removed to another, by a sudden and unconquerable fever ; he left three daughters, who were to divide the reversion of a very small settlement, at the death of their mother, the present income of which was found to be insufficient for their maintenance ; the hospitality of the father gained him esteem in his parish, but when the one ceased, the other was diverted into the hopes of as liberal a successor ; and an old lady, who had never partaken of his splendor, but had devoted herself to his doctrine, hearing that, on the winding up of his affairs, the family were most likely to suffer by his munificence, altered a considerable legacy she had designed for a public hospital, in favor of the widow and three daughters of her late pastor. This addition enabled them to live in comfortable retirement from the expences of gaiety, and, perhaps, enabled them

them to cherish those far more pleasing qualifications, that render domestic life amiable.

For some time, I had no views, no predilection, no animated preference, which induced me to renew my visits, or cultivate any intimacy in this family : it is true I was a wanderer upon the wide world, and had no tie as yet which might withhold my affection ; and I had no idea that this very reflection was a dawn which would soon break into open day.

A short time unfolded to me more of the disposition I felt than I had discovered before : I was frequently surprised into a similarity of sentiment ; if I expressed an opinion, I was answered by another similar to it ; I listened to sentiments, which had also found a place in my own mind : I was alarmed,—I feared that I had no caution, no circumspection : —I complained to my brother : *Vive*

l'amour! returned he.—Has love any thing to do here? said I.—Why you're a half lost man already, cried he, and nothing confirms it more than your not knowing it.

I was half ashamed of my weakness: I laughed at philosophy, as a useless speculation: I resolved to observe myself: I went to Mrs. Winter's.—I was determined not be captivated blindly by a genteel elegance of person, an animated and delicate face, or a constant and attractive affability:—no, no, said I, these are externals only; but I soon found, the lively imagination, the well informed mind, and the susceptible heart also.

I then considered of my brother's prophecy, and owned that I was lost indeed.

I need not say how captivating to a young man, just entering upon life, is the
the

the familiar notice of such a woman : for my own part, I am free to confess the failing, and to remember, with gratitude, the pleasure there is even in being duped by it : when I have met with an ease of conversation, and the familiarity of ready repartee, from a woman of personal and mental attractions, my sensations have been such as I dare not degrade by attempting to describe.

Agreeable to my pursuits, they partook of my literary amusements, shared in my romantic extacies, my opinions of public diversions, my notions of principle, and ideas of mankind :—if I was grave, they derived a pleasure in diverting me ; if I was chearful, they endeavoured to encrease my satisfaction :—it is needless to add, that a very constant intercourse ensued ; an intercourse that could not fail to influence my sincerest moments, and to direct the whole tenor of my mind.

I found,

I found, by longer acquaintance, a discerning penetration, a characteristic gentleness and justness of sentiment;—against these I was not able to withstand; if I had been so, an hermit's cell would have been my better portion: in plain truth, I now felt the first emotions of a tender and sincere passion.

There are moments, fair reader, after a pleasing interview, which possess the minds of both sexes so favorably, that the merit of the absent person is raised to the first possession of our minds; on this little pinnacle it stands, enticing the fond imagination to climb the ascent, and view the fairy prospect of mutual happiness: and if, at such moments, propitious fortune could in truth present the absent charmer, thus in the midst of its extolled and fancied excellence, adorned with all the modest smile of kind encouragement, the affections of each heart would be so nearly bound together, that

no

no cool reason, no obstacle would be stout enough to resist their immediate union; or even bold enough to hazard a contradictory admonition.

I grew ambitious by all opportunities of making known my attachment, by frequent walks, by parties at places of public resort, by introductions of the family, or their names, or story, among my friends, and acquaintance. I felt their confidence in me encrease, in proportion as I proceeded to acknowledge their influence.

Oh! young man, whoever thou art, beware you do not, like a vain pedant, set out upon thy journey with a scoff at attachments, and a sarcasm against the world; for soon thy brittle fabric of studious resolution will fall at the first attack of nature, and beauty and confidence will soon break down thy masked battery, and lay all thy fancied strength level

level with the common humanity of a susceptible heart!

More than eight months had rolled rapidly on, and smiled upon our affections; during which time, Mrs. Winter had watched with pleasing care, and contributed to fan the hopeful flame; had introduced me among her relations and friends; had made me a confidant in her family circle, always preserved me a chair near her daughter Mary; when I received the news of Mr. and Mrs. Mansell's arrival in town.

As I had already related their story to Miss Winter, their present return naturally led to a renewal of the subject; when I could not refrain from acknowledging, that I could perhaps have loved her, had I not in time suppressed the sudden impulse; I observed, that altho' she expressed a cool wish for their happiness, yet the subject was mingled with

a latent disapprobation, which awakened my desire to sift the cause : I dare not say, because I never learnt, whether it was real jealousy or feigned ; but it had its effect ; for it drew from me a full and warm confession of my sincerity and regard, and the hope I had confidently cherished that the passion was reciprocal ; but notwithstanding the occasion prepared a much fairer way for me than lovers often meet with, yet the natural awkwardness of declarations of this kind so inexpressibly withheld me, that I was conscious not to deserve the favor of any reply : still in the bosom of such a person as I have described my *dulcinea* to have been, the most favorable excuse will always be made for our embarrassment, which arises from respect and fear of disappointment ; she freely accepted the possession of my heart, which until now I had imagined rested secure within my own bosom. An undisturbed confidence ensued : I deemed it my indis-

pensable duty to acquaint her with every material circumstance of my life and future expectations.

My enjoyment was beyond limits, my mind soared above its earthly character, my bosom beat high, and all the most sanguine and sublime sensations filled me with the fondest affection.—My pursuits were enlarged and invigorated; my hopes seemed encreased, my prospects shone with lustre round me.

But alas! how fleeting are the joys of human life! Scarcely had our affection met its dawn, and warmed by confidence our mutual hearts, than death suddenly cropped the fairest flower that ever grew in nature's garden!

I felt myself severed from the haven of all my hopes; my passion, justified by the most zealous approbation of my own judgment, nor disapproved by my friends,

friends, held me in a bond of unconquerable affliction I could not strive to suppress. Refinement and splendor sweep away in the tide of passion those tender emotions of sensibility which seem reserved for the second classes of life; I praised heaven, even though in the midst of my sorrow, that I had been born to tread the path of the latter; it had taught me how to value these children of amiable virtue, and to know the delight of female and virtuous love.

The most lively and volatile are the most keenly affected by concern; I lost my accustomed hilarity, and sunk into a low melancholy: I was often melted into tears, started in broken slumbers, and almost sought for non-existence, in order to attain the privilege of want of thought. I found no comfort in tenderness; I felt a disdain for pity; but reflected at last, and condemned, and alternately indulged, my weakness.

Oh!

Oh! ye proud hearts, who in the vortex of gaiety, prosperity, and fashion, never give one thought to the quick flight of joy and time, for a moment turn aside from your transitory splendor, and view the silent dreary chamber, where rest the cold remains of one who was one of your fairest, gayest, companions! hurried to the grave with all that beauty, all that love could boast; and all that amiable manners could acquire!

“ Ye that e’er lost an angel, pity me!”

The tenderness of a susceptible heart is always restless and unhappy till it fixes its choice; veering with every zephyr, and sipping from every flower, it becomes languid in its hopes of happiness, and falls into the gloomy delirium of unprofitable spleen: open to all parties, and ready to catch at all invitations to murder the hours of leisure; company of various kinds hold out their allure-

ments, and the mind or the reputation suffer by the snare : the noise and irregularity of convivial and vociferous mirth, or the follies of thoughtless companions, destroy all reflection, vitiate the taste and the judgment, and teach the vainest of all dependences, that of preferring a momentary and sensual gratification, to years of peaceful virtue.

But the most true and genuine happiness of the human soul, is formed in the endearing confidence of an attachment, which consists in the mutual purity of both hearts : here communication pleases and improves ; here attention and respect gratify while they warm ; the smiles of surrounding friends justify the exulting hope, and give to honor its true and lasting fame :—the beating joy that watches the approach, the kind reception, the solicitude for success, the silent tear of doubt, the downcast blush, the expectant ardor ripening into love, are

momentary symptoms, that mark the objects of a virtuous passion, and awaken in the heart the highest admiration for the bliss of heaven: in this commerce of society, a glorious partiality dignifies the choice, and harmony seems to involve two hearts in one; the hopes, the cares, the sentiments, and pursuits, are mutual; they are mutually adopted, participated, and soothed: this union of hearts inspires a superior consciousness, that breaks down the image of sensuality, puts forth the delights of benevolence, fosters the glow of honor, and initiates the heart into the first duties of social life! Such sensations as these are far from being the product of a romantic fancy only, the truth alone can be discovered by those whose hopes of happiness were as well founded as mine then were, and which I have since more certainly proved!

C H A P. IX.

THE heaviness and lassitude which hung upon my spirits, left me often in a dreary void : the attentions and sollicitude of my kindest friends, in some measure soothed the poignancy of my concern ; my brother, whose regard to me was at this period most acceptable, took a variety of methods of diverting the melancholy which was gaining upon me. I was naturally of a sanguine temper, elated by success, and depressed by sorrow ; in the early part of life I had been naturally splenetic, and had I not been introduced into the world as I was, should certainly have contracted a morose and miserable habit ; but I felt the more, from the sentiments I had learnt to adopt ;
and

and those feelings would have wholly absorbed me, if I had been suffered to persist in the inclination which strongly possessed me, of withdrawing myself from the society of my friends. But my spirits were awakened by the desire with which I felt myself called upon, to use my utmost endeavours to promote the reconciliation between Mr. Freeman and his daughter. The Mansells had now been in town some time; my first visits to them on their arrival, were chiefly occupied in propositions for effecting a purpose so desirable; I had promised to be active, and I was now obliged to apologise, but in an awkward manner, for so long neglecting to perform my word.—In fact, I had no influence with Mrs. Mansell's father, but my desire to see a re-establishment of the family harmony which had once subsisted among them, had induced me to undertake the risk of offending one party, or disappointing the other.

F 3

I found.

I found two very different characters to be treated with—Mr. Freeman was peremptory and reserved—his lady was warm, irascible, and implacable: each of them insisted on my silence, while they aggravated their chagrin, by recapitulations of their own kindnesses, and their daughter's ingratitude; they received letters of the most affecting contrition, and earnest entreaty of reconciliation, which I saw, with pain, scattered in pieces on the floor; they professed a regard for me, but they bid me value every continuance of it, at the price of my yielding up my solicitations.

I desisted.—In two months, Mrs. Mansell was, after a very dangerous conflict, safely delivered of a girl:—Mrs. Freeman's heart relented from her diffention: I called at her door on the very day she had received the news of her daughter's safety; as I was generally admitted, I had the good fortune to see
all

all the beautiful tenderness of woman, return in its most interesting moments: If this foolish girl, said she, had not treated us so ill, this would have been a pleasing intelligence.—Make it so now, madam, said I, it is all in your power. How?—returned she, with some haste.—Let me conduct you to your daughter.—She could not bear an interview, said she;—Then, resumed I, taking up my hat, let me prepare her for it against to-morrow!—I waited some moments for a negative; Mrs. Freeman fixed her eyes on the letter—and I quitted the house.

Mrs. Mansell was better than her anxious and fond husband could have expected;—I found him sitting in his study, and waiting with the tenderest impatience the frequent messages that were brought him of his wife's situation: I communicated to him the visit I had just paid,—his heart overflowed;—he was a man of gay temper, but full of

that generosity that ill brooks the thought of a lasting enmity to any one,—and to be denied the acknowledgment and sanction of his wife's relations, was a dishonor that he dared not reflect upon : he rung immediately for the physician, who offered no objection to the subject being communicated to his patient ; it seems that she received it with so much surprize and agitation, that in her weak and tender state, it will not appear surprising that she fainted away : from this circumstance, it was thought most advisable to defer the visit till another day.

I was fearful of any delay, and imagined that Mr. Freeman, who had not been made acquainted with the design, might have cast some unfavorable opinions upon my interference, or have dissuaded his wife from the measure I had prepared.

When

When I returned the next morning to his house, I found them at breakfast.—Mr. Freeman received me with great coolness, and required some account of my friends, for whom I appeared to be so zealous : I said, that “ I had entertained hopes of the satisfaction of conducting Mrs. Freeman to see her granddaughter, but”—“ By what authority you best know yourself,” interrupted he :—“ Sir, said I, in such a cause, it is fair to act by implications ; Mrs. Freeman would not object”—“ That’s best known to me”, interrupted he again :—“ At such a time, Sir, it is natural.”—“ Don’t tell me of nature,” said Mr. Freeman, “ at what time was it that this foolish girl robbed me of all my best hopes, of all the comforts of a parent ; at a time when her mother had just recovered from a severe illness, and I had almost compleated her happiness with one of the first families in Northamptonshire.”—I had never heard, until now, the real

F 5

cause.

cause of his inveteracy,—“ But, Sir, said I, the young lady is happy.”—“ I deny it,” said he, “ she is not happy ; she would have been looked up to, and her family honored by her connection ; she has now sunk us into shame, by crossing our most desirable engagement.”—Engagement! thought I, if they engaged for her, they have brought themselves low indeed !—“ But at least forgive, Sir ; her amiable qualities surely deserve your forgiveness !”—“ This is the common cry of young people,” returned he,—“ they oppose the wishes, the desires of their parents, who, after all the anxieties of their education and prospects, are to expect no other reward than that of forgiving their disobedience !”—Here he quitted the room.

I then acquainted Mrs. Freeman of the manner in which her daughter had felt the expectation of seeing her ; and pressed her not to think of disappointing her,

her, as the consequences might then be fatal.—She reflected for some time, and said, as her visit was suspended till the following day, she would take that time to consider of it further.

I preferred the risk of not seeing Mr. Mansell, that he might not be agitated by any doubts on the subject, satisfying myself with sending only the usual enquiry at his door.

On the following day, I found Mrs. Freeman ready dressed to accompany me, and in a few minutes after my arrival, her coach was ordered. As we were going to Mansell's, she said Mr. Freeman had been much impressed by my urging his forgiveness, which she had strengthened by adding to it the present motive ; which would in some measure protect him from any censure in the country, where his dissension with his daughter tended to preserve the mutual

interest which had subsisted between his family and that into which he had planned her introduction: she added her concern, that all their views should so soon be thwarted, even as soon as their daughter had begun to be her own mistress; but that nothing but the present circumstance could have led them to a reconciliation; nothing else, she said, and scarcely this indeed, could justify them in the eyes of the most opulent families in the county.

Surely, madam, said I, a reconciliation with your own child is far superior—Say no more on the subject, interrupted she,—we are resolved to forget and forgive—and therefore all argument is needless.

When we arrived at the house, Mr. Mansell handed her out of the carriage; she desired to be introduced to her daughter immediately.—In the mean time,

time, I communicated to him all that had passed, by which he was the better prepared to judge of his situation ; and while we were conversing, Mr. Freeman himself was introduced.

“ This is more kind than I had reason to expect, Sir,” said Mansell ; “ it was my duty to have waited upon you, Sir, if your pleasure had been signified to me.”——“ Your friend here,” said Mr. Freeman, “ is a man of so much zeal, that he has led us both by the hand, and insists upon our forgetting all our difficulties :—How does my daughter ?”——“ Indeed, Sir”, said Mansell, “ my obligations”——“ Oh we will not talk of them,” resumed Mr. Freeman, “ I hope that by shaking hands together once, we shall be friends for the future.”

My surprize and satisfaction were such, I could have leapt into his arms ; but, among some men, emotions of this kind,
which

which at all betray a tenderness of soul, are deemed effeminate; I was accustomed to think Mr. Freeman of that cast.

Mr. Mansell embraced him with much warmth, and would have sent up his name, but that Mr. Freeman objected to, saying, "I meant this as a first visit to yourself, when your wife is stronger, I'll come and see her; in the mean time, I commission you to present her with my best love, and if it is not too old fashioned, give my blessing to your child."—Here he withdrew.

Mrs. Freeman soon after came down stairs, we went out to conduct her to her coach,—she pressed both our hands together, and could not speak.

The tears swelled into Mansell's eyes as he saw the coach drive off, and his mother waved her hand at the window. "My best and dearest friend," said he,
"you

“ you have been the means of prolonging the life of the best of women, and of fixing my own happiness : the concern we have constantly felt at our separation from her family, has been an unceasing source of regret, and has interrupted the bent of our affection ; we love these worthy people tenderly—their kind attentions will be the means of unspeakable comfort to us,—and will, I doubt not, contribute to my wife’s speedy recovery. Command my services, my warmest gratitude !”

All that I command, or rather desire, said I, is your friendship—the occasion alone has done for you, all that I have merely wished.

A servant brought him word that his lady desired to see him, and I withdrew.

I had hitherto been almost a stranger to Mr. Mansell ; he was born of a very respectable

respectable and opulent family, in Cumberland: he seemed to possess a strong and vigorous imagination, and an open disposition, but he had never been taught to use these in any other manner than in the walks of a private gentleman; to form the great man, it is necessary that fortune should finish the work of nature. If nature deposit in his soul the germs of extraordinary talents, sublime sentiments, and heroic virtues, still it is necessary that fortune should open before him a career which he may fill with eclat, should place him upon a stage where he may display his powers in a period of his life which may afford him the help of courage, personal attraction, and friends. Among those whose names are immortal, how many would have remained intombed in obscurity, without the impulse, the advantage, the vigor, they actually received, from the period in which they burst forth upon the world!

Such

Such was Mr. Mansell. There are some who would regret that his talents were not called into action, but there are those also who would reflect how much more amiable in private life those very talents rendered him, which constituted him a virtuous son, an affectionate husband, and a father whose tenderness and care, procured him the felicity of seeing his children prosperous, and his family happy !

How vain and futile are the views of happiness and splendor which parents promise themselves, in forming opulent connections for their children ! Ambition blinds them from seeing the one only requisite to ensure their happiness, mutual affection ; they would join house to house, and field to field, but they thereby sap the foundation, and ere the fabric rises to their sight, it totters to its fall !—When absolute necessity (which can arise only in one case, and that is yet very question-

questionable, the previous disgrace of a daughter's honor) when absolute necessity directs a parent's urgency for a marriage, it may be reasonable; where a like necessity, from any particular cause, directs his refusal, it may, perhaps, be justified; but the mischiefs of either case are far superior to the balance that leans in his favor: the young heart, full of its ardent and undisguised passion, best knows and finds out its truest happiness, and supercedes all wise provisions of prudence, which have arisen with the modern alarming encrease of refinement and civilization, which have brought in with them forms, etiquettes, and a reprehensible sacrifice to appearances, elevated by insatiate pride, which every moment obstruct all the free passages to the human heart! For these it is the wisdom of parental foresight to provide—and these it is the nature of filial acquiescence to regret. And often, notwithstanding the most powerful of these difficulties,

difficulties, the young, undissembled heart, flies once more in secret to the object of its affection, and thereby proves its sincerity, the most amiable beauty of human nature ! Again to cut that knot, to divide that sympathetic union, is to throw a bitter poison on the temper, to stab the vigor of virtuous emulation, and to break the force of that bond of gratitude which animates every affectionate heart !

C H A P. X.

BUT notwithstanding all these transactions, nor the communications of friendship, nor all the gratifications I was enabled to enjoy in the warm society of my brother, yet the loose and unsettled state of my mind, and the fresh remembrance of all those delights I had been accustomed to relish at Mrs. Winter's, were constantly harrowing up my quiet, and driving me from repose.

About four months had elapsed since the death of the lady, the grass had grown high round her grave, which was distinguished only by a plain tablet ; my footsteps had tracked out a little pathway to the spot, where I frequently indulged my melancholy fancy at the close
of

of day : the church-yard was encircled by a rude paling, which time and entwining ivy had almost weighed to the ground ; and the remains of a straggling white thorn, which had been cut to make room for a seat for the curate of the parish, hung over the place : it was on an evening in September, that I stole unobserved, as I thought, to my favorite spot, and lest I might be discovered, I crept, from the light of the moon, which shone full upon the grave, behind the branches of thorn that hung over it : I had scarcely taken my seat, when I was surprized by the foot-steps of a person crossing the road which ran behind me ; on turning towards him, I discovered him to be a friend who had often borne witness to, and participated in the satisfactions I had enjoyed at Mrs. Winter's. I had seen him but once since the occasion which led me first to this melancholy place, and though I might elsewhere have acknowledged the meeting with
2 pleasure,

pleasure, yet here it was not in my power to hide the concern which his unseasonable interruption excited: I sought opportunities of disengaging myself from him, asked him which way he was bending his walk, pointed out to him several pleasant paths that led towards town; but all my attempts proved unsuccessful: he peered over the hedge, and by the light of the moon discovered the name of the saint at whose shrine I was preparing my solitary vespers: he looked at me—and I hid my face in my handkerchief.

To persist longer was in vain; he led me from my melancholy retreat; silence kept pace with us for some time, till the recollection of the weakness to which I had exposed myself, awaked me from my reverie. I said that I felt myself peculiarly hurt at the weak, and perhaps unmanly situation in which he had found me; and though I had heavily languished
through

through a long course of unsettled concern, I would profit by this interruption, and shake off my folly.—Still, however, very little conversation followed; my mind overflowed with reflections, wavering resolutions, fears, and discontent with myself, for breaking through what, by practice, had become a duty; till at length, fatigued with hopeless impressions, we arrived at my friend's house.

Mr. Martin, for that was the name of my friend, had about two years ago surmounted some difficulties which obstructed his taking possession of a very considerable estate, which he inherited from an uncle, who died abroad; his father had left him but a small patrimony, which obliged him to defer, till his other claim was decided, the satisfaction of a much more tender claim, that had for many years engaged him, and which he had immediately accomplished. Having lately discovered, by a friend passing through

through Flanders, that his uncle had also left considerable personal property behind him, which was liable to confiscation, Mr. Martin had, for some months past, been very actively employed on the continent, in attempting to recover some part of it to his own use. Mrs. Martin was tall and elegantly formed; her features were soft and attractive, but marked with character; her disposition was amiable, for she had scarcely animation enough to be otherwise; yet her countenance wore a continual complacency; her shoulders fell kindly, and her bosom, though not full, was in grace and proportion, beyond the most romantic extacy: her manner was too composed, but it was, nevertheless, attractive and enviable: her only personal defect was an ungraceful gait; she stepped ill, mended in appearance when she stood, and was every thing in her chair: but all language is inadequate which attempts
to

to describe the delicacy of her refined attraction!

During Martin's residence abroad, he had omitted the attention of frequent letters—his wife felt herself neglected, became offended, and easily fell into the snare which jealousy spreads for the too susceptible mind: on his return, he flew into the arms of his wife, with the expectant joy of a successful lover,—she received him with coldness,—he imputed his alarms to his own overbalanced warmth:—he endeavoured to entertain her with many of the occurrences he had met with in his journey; to these she turned an indifferent ear: Martin was chagrined—but he knew not how to complain;—he felt himself aggrieved—but he looked in her face—and lost the power of demanding the cause. Some time passed in which he had taken every opportunity to rally his own apprehensions, and to restore that familiar gaiety

which had always impressed him with the tenderest affection ;—but disappointment in all his attempts, at length rendered him petulant and hasty ;—here he had unfortunately added to her cause of complaint, that of his ill-temper ;—he had answered him with hauteur,—had declared it was not to be borne,—and had bid him seek her society when he knew best where to devote his attentions.

Such was Martin's situation of mind, when he fought me at Mary's grave : a pensiveness of the keenest concern broke through his assumed cheerfulness, and led him to communicate to me this most painful affliction that can ever happen in the social life of man !

I had no influence with Mrs. Martin : my services were not worthy to be offered—I could give him only the wishes of my heart, already too much weakened by my own affairs to undertake any exertions

ertions in a cause like this. I represented
 to him the danger of trusting any person
 with the design of an explanation, as a
 means of rendering his wife more offend-
 ed at any part of his conduct;—he
 pressed me, for the sake of his own ease,
 to introduce to her the subject of his
 concern, and leave it for him to enlarge
 upon;—this seemed an easy task, and I
 resolved upon it; but a little reflection
 made me again represent to him, that no
 woman can bear the unseasonable inter-
 ference of a third person, in differences
 between herself and her husband—she
 then feels her power—she then sees, or
 thinks she sees, the necessity of urging
 her own dignity—and pride, so natural
 and so ornamental in the female sex,
 then is roused, to prevent her from yield-
 ing to a ready acquiescence.

Martin regretted he had made me the
 confident of his distress; I urged him
 to avoid any explanation, and to make

a friend of time, by whose assistance and his own attention, all dissatisfactions would subside. He adopted this plan, and sometimes thought he discovered its success; but at different periods, without any apparent cause, beheld himself still the object of unkind contempt, and frequently of an unfeeling scorn. He began to consider what visitors Mrs. Martin received; and more than once abruptly entered the room, in order to discover, if possible, any object whereon he might find room for suspicion.

Mrs. Martin took no notice of these intrusions, till one day he found her with a lady whom they intimately knew, and whose character for general tattle in the neighbourhood, was never disguised. She knew the designs of every family of ton; she could talk wisely on the best times for bringing out daughters, and the readiest way of getting them off; had married two herself, and openly boasted
of

of having locked up the prettiest in the country, till she had got rid of the ugly one, who had never been married if she had made her debüt with her sister. She was versed in the true spirit of intrigue, and understood more *of the game* than any woman of fashion about town:—for this reason, her assemblies were more brilliant, her conversation more coveted, her manners more copied, than any of her competitors:—on this lady, Martin fixed his eye.—As soon as he entered the room, his wife and her friend appeared to be disturbed; he paid his respects to the lady, which she scarcely deigned to acknowledge: Mrs. Martin asked him if he was not engaged: he sat down, and began to converse,—she betrayed the most aggravating marks of displeasure;—the lady took her leave, and Mrs. Martin withdrew to her dressing-room.

My afflicted friend could scarcely conceal his chagrin : he came to me, to unbosom the tide that swelled within him : he complained that he had no hopes of renewing the joy he once felt in his wife's conversation ; that all satisfaction was poisoned by this artful gossip, and that he suspected nothing less than a separation, without the most distant cause for jealousy. Before I could advise him, or calm his disquiet, he left me. On his return home, he found Mrs. Martin in tears : his resolution was shaken, supposing that she had relented from her usual conduct ; he took her by the hand, which she hastily withdrew—he would have spoke to her, but her disdain stifled his voice : he looked at her for some moments : “ You seem angry with your friend,” said he ; “ She is the best friend I have,” returned Mrs. Martin.—“ I wish she may prove the best friend to us both ;” answered he.—“ That depends on yourself, Sir ;” said she, and endeavoured again

again to withdraw to her own apartment.—Martin rung the bell and gave orders that Mrs. Darmer should never more be admitted.—Mrs. Martin cast a look of surprize and firmness in her husband's face, and abruptly left him.

“Where will this folly end?” cried he to himself—“miserable man that I am, without a known cause for my affliction.”

They remained separate the rest of the day;—Mrs. Darmer called on her neighbour in the evening, but was not admitted; and her absence broke the chain of family dissension.

Martin, with all the tenderness of a man concerned in the nicest honor, and affected by the sincerest admiration for his wife, represented to her the weakness of listening to a woman of so despicable a character as Mrs. Darmer, in pre-

ference to her own judgment, and to that honor and affection, it was their mutual comfort and best interest to preserve; he spoke of his affection in terms of the most endearing kindness; and set before her, in the most interesting light, the extreme pain he had suffered from her coldness, of which he was at a loss to find a cause.—“That cause,” returned she, “originated with yourself; the concern you might naturally expect me to take in your welfare, should at least have induced you to prevent my anxiety, by writing to me during your absence.”—“Is it to *this* cause,” returned he, with surprise, “that I am to impute your displeasure?—I acknowledge, that I may appear to deserve your blame; but the many journies I was obliged to take, for the most part to places distant from the post towns, and the haste with which I transacted all my business, will surely plead for me, when that haste was dictated by the most urgent desire to return: I
was

was impatient of every day's delay which separated us; let me not continue to suffer a pain by your disapprobation which I have not strength to bear."

Mrs. Martin's heart overflowed—her husband pressed her to his bosom! they passed some moments in tears and silence; she resolved to forget her chagrin, and to love the man whose affection had rendered him anxious to recover her esteem.

Mrs. Martin having thus surmounted an unfavourable prejudice, into which she had been led by evil council, felt what she could not refrain to testify, the extreme delight of renewing an interrupted affection!

Mrs. Martin possessed every requisite to render social life pleasing; if she wanted animation in her general manner, it seemed the only qualification in which

she might not claim a pre-eminence; she had a sensibility softer than any character that the most lavish pen could pourtray; she possessed a knowledge of female dignity and delicacy, not disgraced by ostentation, nor rendered contemptible by vanity: she had the power of giving all her directions with judicious exactness; and until the late blank, which for a while overclouded her character, she preserved the happy criterion between the right she was entitled to claim, and the indulgence she always received; as soon as she forgot this criterion, all became disorder, chagrin, and ill fame!—The greatest merit of a virtuous woman, is to preserve her own character and delicacy;—her true fame lives in the esteem of her husband, and her highest pleasure never fades in the bosom of her family!

CHAP. XI.

THE interest I had taken in the last reconciliation, was far greater than the former; I felt it rouse me, and give me a new spur for the most endearing engagements of human life: I had become grave, sullen, and averse to cheerfulness; the affability of women I had mistaken for insolence, conversation had borne the character of impertinence, and hope, a vain phantom:—I told every lover that his hope would be repressed, and that his precarious prize was hardly worthy of his pursuit:—but I revived again to open day; the dark cloud which thus oppressed me, dispersed, and left me with fresh desire to taste the impulsive draught to which my nature led me; I felt myself

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beginning

beginning to verge upon the dangerous age, when our single condition lays the first traits of peculiarity : I loved the women in truth, and that was the reason I had felt so much on their account : it is true that “ scenes of trial cause the heart to shrink from the world, but they open it to all the joys of tenderness.”— Seasonable interruptions to our pleasures are necessary to their prolongation ; had my affairs taken a favorable gale, I could never have learnt to know with desirable compassion, the afflictions to which others are liable ; I found it a pleasant thing to compare others with my own, and when I discovered how unequal was mine to the endurance of many around me, my heart recoiled at the thought of my own presumption when I dared to complain : I had neglected most of my familiar acquaintance, whom I now resolved to renew ; and though I had the full remembrance of the acknowledged superiority of her whose loss I could never think of without

out deploring, yet I resolved again to set my affections afloat on the wide expanse of female excellence.

Among my familiar acquaintance, was a family who resided at a small but rural village, about fifteen miles west from London : I had long become an intimate with every cottage, every rivulet, and every shade, and in some measure with the gentry of the neighbourhood ; they were made up of pride, squireship, envy, good humour, and scandal ; the women were affable, free, haughty, familiar, and fond of society : it was always my disposition to leave pride to keep itself company ; where I found familiarity, there I fixed my association : among those who might boast of this character, was one rather younger than myself ; she was the only daughter of indulging parents ; her person was agreeable, and her manners pleasing, when she chose to render them so, but she was not always in good
humour

humour with her friends : she had an attractive *manisbness* of figure and countenance, and a natural capacity of mind, with powerful emotions, which combined to render her conspicuous above all her companions.

It was not long before my intercourse encreased : I grew fond of her conversation, which was always brilliant, but I soon learnt that she was woman : attached by every attention, and ready to mark the notice she received, she had become susceptible at a very early age, and continued for some years invested with a train of flatterers, who performed service to her shrine, and offered up their incense for no other cause but to receive its odours reverting back upon themselves.—Here I found an involuntary contempt mingle itself with my approbation ; but she encouraged me—my spirits amended ; and I fell at last a dupe to her power.

By

By rapid degrees, I fancied that her peculiarities decreased, and that her affability altered, refined, and corrected her disposition, and cherished in her heart the young shoots of virtuous humanity. Her education extended to every favourite accomplishment, but her capacity, marked with a very happy intuition, spread the fairest laurels around her, that ever graced the brow of private life: there was no theme to which she ever turned an inattentive ear, no subject unworthy her attention, or superior to the efforts of her mind.

Here then I sought for the companion; her disposition was yet unknown, but my imagination led me to supply that in similar likeness to the happy traits already delineated. In such society, who will not envy my gratification? The freedom of her conversation, the vigor of her reflections, and the confidence of her unbiassed opinions, continually urged her

merit in the most convincing terms ;— but for a moment I reflected on the superior delicacy I had lost, still found myself safe, and often felt my heart plunged into the bosom of its sorrow too far to be recalled !

In these moments, when I was naturally graver than usual, I discovered her unbounded volatility, an unbecoming ardor for gallantry, and common place ; and with this general view of the opposite traits of her character, I saw that I dared not examine her temper, and must content myself with her conversation, whenever I could find her unattended by coxcomical dangles, or unoccupied by the flirtation of a last night's assembly.

Such was Miss Harley : nevertheless she had charms for me that kept their just value ; but there was a something wanting, which I endeavoured to discover, and which I have since been told
and

and believe was sentiment. And here let me take occasion to say, that however some may laugh at sentiment, there is a value in the coin, which raises it above the price of sensuality, and gives it a superiority above the sprightly charms of unfeeling gaiety, or even the more solid accomplishments of a cultivated understanding; and therefore, though perhaps not so strong and rigid, as firm and positively virtuous resolution, yet there is a captivating purity in its silver ore, that will always preserve its sterling worth, in every thinking mind!

I was sitting one evening in a contemplative mood, under the thick shade of a grove, through which a winding path led to her father's house; I had fauntered through the village, and sat down to indulge my romantic fancy, before I prepared for my visit: I had taken out of my pocket a volume of Werter, which was at that time my frequent

quent walking companion; but it had led me, as that and other such dangerous works generally lead their readers, into the most tender recollections of their past days of happiness; and while I was revolving the many grateful moments I had enjoyed in Mrs. Winter's family, Miss Harley surprized me;—I had been insensible for some moments to all around me.——“Meditating,” said she, “but not alone I perceive,” taking up the book which then lay on the bench;—“I find you determined to live and die a romantic being.”—This is not a romance, interrupted I—it is only a volume of exquisite sensation. “Are not all romances,” returned she, “the repositories of sensation or sentiment, or call it by what name you please, the end is the same.—I perceive too,” said she, “if one may judge by your countenance, that you have been making these sorrows and sensations your own; imagining that you also love some fair one, that has
been

been cruel enough to give her hand to some happy swain before she saw you."

—Do not mistake me, said I, Mr. Werter's character, abstracted from all his errors and impetuosity, has developed the most lively features of a feeling and delicate heart: but I will not be gloomy because he became wretched; I see nothing around me but what excites my happiness; I have been charmed with watching the decline of the glorious sun through those trees; I have been raised above the world, and now I have the honor of your presence.——"My presence! Thank you, Sir, I could not have suspected a man of your sentiment would have openly confessed so much!"—How, madam?—"That your pleasure in being above the world had been interrupted by so humble a being as woman."—On the contrary, said I, the honor of your presence awakened me from a dream, called my wandering fancy home, and conducted me to the haven where I would

would be.—“ O very fine ranting; indeed, Sir.”——Pardon me, said I, every excess of sentiment, enables us to be better pleased with the world and its creatures; I was cherishing and endeavouring to prolong every zephyr; I was listening to distant sounds; I heard music in the lowing herds, the bleating flocks, this bubbling brook, that rushes past the hedge side; and, as Werter says, “ growing familiar with every insect round me.”

—“ Nay, Sir, you’re so wound up, that, if I was to gather you a nosegay from the hedge, you would not deign to receive it.”—Try me, said I, these are part of the beauties I have been admiring.—She instantly put together a small collection of wild flowers, whose beauty and sweetness astonished me, and on expressing my surprize, she reproved me for having indulged my mind in vain sensations, and, like every idle passenger, had neglected the beauties of the creation,

tion, that spring wild, and bloom and fade away unseen.

“ You see, Sir,” said she, “ I too can sometimes deal in heroics ; but pray good Mr. Sentiment, let us descend a little into plain language ; do these fine extatics of yours never produce effusions of the muse ; do you never sing as well as talk in praise of this charming sensibility ?” My muse is not so complaisant, said I, as some others, to come readily at every call ; she never visits me but at some sudden impulse.——“ You have no such impulse at present then, I presume ; notwithstanding all this setting sun, and bleating flocks, and chequered groves.— Suppose I hang this pretty poësy on one branch, cannot you spin a couplet for another ? Try now,” added she, “ I’ll set you the example.

“ See where yon spreading oak I crown,
“ Thy simple muse is silent grown !”

Oh

Oh crown him with thyself, said I, rushing towards her, and stealing a warm embrace—"Upon my word, Sir," said she, half out of breath, "one could not have suspected to have been so taken in by a man of sentiment; I find they are not a bit less impertinent than other men; another time I pass through the grove, I must come better provided with a protector; we may sometimes meet with dangerous people here of a summer's evening."

Thank you, said I, with all my soul. —"I don't understand your thanks, Sir." —For the favor of your encouragement; yes, madam, I shall be very happy to rendezvous here in this grove every summer evening."—"Still worse and worse; I find that men of sentiment are made up of vanity too; pray, Sir, give me that nosegay." Never, madam, while it has life or scent.—"Do you mean then to present it to me afterwards?"—

No,

No, no; I will then view it as the decline of every sigh and every sorrow, and live for her who gave it me; your pleasantry excites in me those feelings which—

“Pray, Sir, suspend your fine feelings, we have had enough of them already.”—On saying which, she opened a small wicket gate that led to the road, and casting at me an arch look as she passed it, I hastily collected my book, my nosegay, and my hat, which I had thrown among the bushes, as I ran to embrace her, and followed, where all my passions riotously led the way.

I had no sooner passed the gate, than I found myself surrounded by a large walking party, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Harley: my haste sufficiently justified their raillery.—“Here comes the happy swain too,”—re-echoed from every tongue;—the very air resounded, as it does with an opening pack at the
rosy

rosy dawn, with several vociferous attempts at pleasantry;—the wives thought they must be very knowing, with “Aye, aye, fine doings, very pretty, very pretty.”—The spinsters laughed and tittered, and thought they must hide their envy by gabbling all at once, with, “Oh very well, very well, ha, ha, he, he, he!—And two maiden aunts screwed up and said “they did not know what Mr. Harley would think of it.”—While every voice was thus rending the skies together, the whole party had gathered round me, and pressed me, step by step, back to the wicket gate.—I had no resource;—at length, pausing a moment, for a longer time they could not spare, I endeavoured to be heard:—Thank you, ladies, said I, for your kind conjectures of my happiness—I am thrice happy to add they are not ill founded.—“Oh you impertinent creature! rushed from an hundred tongues at once—Do you boast of it?”—Most truly, said I, every favor received

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at a lady's hand, is surely worthy of our highest boast."—"Well, you come off pretty well," said Mrs. Harley—and so the procession moved forwards.

"Oh, we have had such fine, heroical sentiments by the Great Oak," said Miss Harley, "that would have turned any body's brain."—"Except your's," said her father.—Most truly, Sir, returned I; it would require more nonsense to do that, than could be exhausted in an hundred and fifty assemblies: this is rational communication, Sir."—"Indeed," said Mr. Harley; "and you intice my daughter into a dark grove to find it."—Here every body laughed, which saved me the necessity of a reply.

As we proceeded in our walk, the conversation seemed to be the spontaneous produce of the adventure of the grove; for as most conversation originates from topics which most nearly affect us, so the

company seemed attacked with a sort of delirium; the young ladies longed to keep up the subject, and in a very little time they all grew as sentimental as myself; 'till at length we got into a most interesting debate, upon the old question—whether sensibility or insensibility deserved the preference?

Mr. Harley said, he knew that the most sensible thing was, for a man to do his duty; he had “rubbed through the world”—“Without being polished,” interrupted his wife. “Humph!” answered he; “I don’t want to injure any man; but mankind won’t suffer me to feel for them: we all live for ourselves; and *sharp* is the word—you may play and toy, like this fine young gentleman here, and that idle girl, and chatter about nonsense; but this an’t the way to go through the world—They’ll grow a little older, and be jostled once or twice; and then what will they say to their fine-spun notions!”—

“Nay,

“Nay, but,” said Mrs. Harley, “I think, whatever a man meets with in life, he ought still to be ready to enjoy his friends, and perform the common offices of humanity, and these will lead him into many trials of his sensibility; without which he would be unable to conduct himself.”

Mr. Harley walked on; and she, willing to justify him, added, in a low voice, “He does a great deal of good, from pure benevolence; but he can’t bear to acknowledge it, or hear himself thanked for it.” That’s true generosity, said I, and springs from the purest sensibility. “My father must come to you for a good character,” said Miss Harley. —Just so, answered I; and your mother’s evidence confirms it: and then, taking her aside from the company, I added, that every wife should think her husband the worthiest man; and every man should regard his wife as the best woman in the

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creation;

creation; and while they do this, they best serve their mutual interest.

“Upon my word, we must come to you,” said a little, fat-faced, smiling young woman, whom I did not perceive to be near us, “for a lesson how to be good wives.” “The gentleman gives himself great liberties,” said Miss Harley. “The gentleman talks very well,” said an old, fat dowager: “but I suppose, Miss, you would make us believe you never pay attention to what he says; and you were so long in the grove together merely to lend him a deaf ear.”—Thank ye, Madam, said I. The old lady looked around for approbation, but found nothing in the company equal to what she gave herself. “Indeed,” said Miss Harley, “it is a little hard”—That so impudent a fellow as Blenfield, said I, should presume to silence the lips of Miss Harley.—Here the ladies joined in a loud laugh; and, to avoid the impending storm

storm that began to brew up around me, I ran off, to join Mr. Harley and two or three other gentlemen, with whom I spent a very chearful evening, at an oyster club in the village.

C H A P. XII.

WE had scarcely sat down to supper, when a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had employed his leisure, and much of his fortune, in the encouragement of literature, entered the room, and, to my surprise, desired to introduce my worthy African friend, Shirna Cambo : his character was well known to several of the company ; and his conversation, always acceptable, gave a general zest whenever he presented himself. The topics of discussion seemed to turn chiefly on the various operations of the human heart ; and, amongst other things, I related part of the business of our last chapter. Any point which affected the nature of sensibility was interesting to Shirna Cambo ; on this subject he could
declaim

declaim with unrivalled eminence. He said, that "sensibility was a link in the chain of our existence; without it mankind would never connect, would never be devout, would never be just; that every action of our lives proves this beyond any speculation. Ask a young child why it loves its mother? it is almost offended at the question: does it not feel a seeming injury done to its nurse, as a crime, before it can scarcely articulate? We grow up with this vital principle, which strengthens with our strength. We listen to an orator, and devour with greedy eye an author of sentiment. Will Sterne's Lefevre ever lose its estimation? Do not men quarrel in support of the author's fame? What fills our theatres? What stretches out the hand to relieve distress, or rescue danger? Surely it is sensibility; and without it we should not know for what we are born. Teach this doctrine among your women," added he to me; "you

will do a service to the cause of humanity, for which they will esteem you, and every transplanted African will pour forth all his sighs and tears in your behalf."

I am sorry, said I, to have started a subject, which, by an easy analogy, lies so near your heart—but let us divert our thoughts.—“No,” interrupted he; “if a native of a free country, stolen from the embrace of paternal fondness; conveyed through dangers, and over seas, to be made the victim of rapacious commerce and ungoverned cruelty, because God has chosen to habit him in a different colour—if he can dream of sensibility, and not feel for his fellow countrymen hourly bending under ignominious bondage, he must deserve a far worse lot than has fallen to him. I remember,” said he, “to have read a sentiment of Mr. Burke’s in his ingenious work of the Sublime and Beautiful, that “Even
“when

“ when we are most affected with an-
 “ other’s distress, we feel a kind of de-
 “ light that hinders us from shunning
 “ scenes of misery ; and the degree of
 “ pain we feel prompts us to relieve our-
 “ selves, in relieving those who really
 “ suffer ; and this, merely by an instinct
 “ that works us to its own purposes with-
 “ out our concurrence.”

“ All this,” added he, “ is pure sen-
 sibility ; and it is impossible but I should
 feel this, though I am unable to render
 it effectual in the case of my miserable
 brethren ; but the same instinct prompts
 all our social actions, and stretches out
 our arm to relieve a stranger who needs
 our assistance. The Priest and the Le-
 vite are the few, believe me ; and, for-
 tunately for us, are not the bulk of
 mankind : natural sensibility is abhorrent
 of all system, and works its way by unity
 and love.”

“ This is all fine speculation for this young gentleman here,” said Mr. Harley; “ but, if I recollect your words rightly, Burke seems to have asserted, that all this benevolence was selfish :— “ we are so prompted to relieve ourselves, “ that we fly to relieve others.” It is clearly confessed, that our own gratification is the sole motive of our compassion.”

“ Excuse me,” replied Shirna Cambo ; “ Mr. Burke never meant to depreciate sensibility in any degree ; for, consider how it is we seek this relief ! It is so momentary, that it is scarcely discoverable :—a distress presents itself which you never thought of before ; you are impelled to relieve it ; and the same instantaneous impulse, with the necessity of immediate help in the object, opens your heart, and performs the benevolence required.”

“ I de-

“ I deny it,” said Harley. “ Look at the Levite and the Priest;—see mankind in them. We all think that there are enough idle people in the world who can spare time to attend on the distresses of others: we men of business have other things to think of, and are excused from such things; our families——”

“ Ought to render us more benevolent,” interrupted Cambo. “ If we enjoy comforts at home, we should the more attentively contribute to procure them for those who want them. It is but a groveling temper which requires to pass through a chain of affliction, in order to conceive a just idea of compassion: men of benevolence are ennobled by sensibility, and are always distinguished from hypocrites, by an—inward satisfaction.”

But, said I, this is not the whole view that may be taken of the subject; for

there are many feelings of sensibility, which are not relieved by acts of benevolence: many of us have it not in our power, and then, in the eyes of the world, we pass by as the Levite did; and there are anxieties and concerns for domestic welfare, which continually interrupt our happiness.

“If to be a senseless log,” said Shirna Cambo, “can be deemed happiness, then I must give up the argument.”

“But facts, facts,” cried Harley, in a loud tone: “there are facts which arise in life, that give us more pain from any natural sensibility we possess, than any satisfaction which can be derived from it.”

“I know,” replied Cambo, “that you are about to tell me of husbands, and fathers, and friends, and wives: and when all things do not move smoothly
on,

on, the cares and the troubles they occasion, is—what?—Not superior to their pleasures: this I defy the most splanetic to prove, or even to confess.”

“ You mean the most afflicted; and I have known instances of it,” said Harley.

“ Tell me of any one of these afflicted persons,” replied Cambo, “ who would give up, without reluctance and sorrow, one of their starving family: what poor labourer would quit his hopes of better days, his conjugal or paternal cares: or who would yield up his friend, for the sake of avoiding those very cares which have accompanied their association?—None who possess the glory of manhood!”

At this moment the master of the house entered the room, and, in a very audible whisper, told Mr. Harley that
the

the poor gardener, whose wife had been brought to bed that afternoon, was waiting to thank him for the things he had sent her.

“Ha! ha!” cried Shirna Cambo, “give me your hand, most worthy philosopher. This is the man of business, who had nothing to do with benevolence. I suppose this good woman has only to thank your leisure——.” Harley had risen from his chair, and was going out of the room, but Shirna Cambo held him fast, and ordered that the gardener should be introduced.

A tall man, fresh coloured, and his hair cut short about his neck, made his appearance: his eyes sparkled with a joy that affected us deeply. “I made bold, Sir,” said he to Mr. Harley, “to come and thank you.”—“What have you got?” said a gentleman who sat near me. —“A fine boy, thank God, Sir,” said the
the

the gardener, nodding his head.—
 “What, so you found a good friend here,” said Cambo.—“Master was so good as send my wife some bedding; and Madam has just sent over a bason of somewhat good for my wife and the child; and I only made bold—I hope no offence, gentlemen—but poor folks don’t often meet with such things; and I could not so well stay while morning, before I come to thank him.”

Shirna Cambo wiped a tear of nature from the corner of his eye; and then filled out some wine, which the man, making his usual nod, carried away with him. Cambo watched him to the door; then, fixing his eyes upon Harley, “Here’s the gentleman,” said he, “who sought for relief himself, and so he relieves the gardener’s wife;—but for all his being so selfish, I crave the honour of taking him by the hand.”

I could

I could not bear the chance of any general conversation after a scene like this, and therefore withdrew.

If I were to attempt a delineation of Mr. Harley's character, it would be but a recapitulation of the traits already scattered before the reader. He was constantly doing good, without his left hand knowing what his right hand did. He had a bluff, unpolished manner; but it was like the coat of some delicious fruit. He was indefatigable in his affairs; and while he despised ostentation, his merit frequently found its way to the unceasing esteem of all who knew him. Can you be surprised that I longed to call such a man by a name more interesting than that of friend?

C H A P. XIII.

THE manner in which I had passed the last evening, gave me some reflections, which originated and settled in the name and merits of the Harley family.

We form our opinions of the women from the moment ; we catch the unobserved glances which they often mean to conceal, and we fancy we penetrate into their hearts ; a very few traits suffice us on the subject of encouragement, and some nice attention is necessary to discover the bent of their minds ; but of men we look still further ;—caution, policy, interest, and twenty other requisites start before us to protect our discrimination of them, and even with this united aid we often fail.

It

It is no offence to the sex to say, that they look to us for support, protection, union, and happiness ;—herein consist their interests : and I will be bold to affirm, that ardent expectation, wound up through all the years of growing youth, is a very important stimulus, and perhaps very generally exceeds affection, in the progress and celebration of marriage ; it is thus that we see celibacy and a cold constitution frequent companions ; it might be an unthankful office to balance the account between unions of interest and those of affection ; for passion must certainly be added to those of interest, and thus the proportion against affection would be so strong, that the examination might prove as cynical as true.

Thus I became cool, and discovered that much of my ideas in favor of Miss Harley arose from passion only : I was
discon-

discontented—I had searched for a nobler source.

In the season of a mind wholly unattached, which, by the way, is the most vague and forlorn season of life, many things pass before a man, which he never turns to any account; if he receives attentions, if his company is coveted, if he is esteemed, or obliged, he places all these to the general mass of daily affairs, and sees not their value: on the other hand, if his mind is fixed upon the merit of a virtuous woman, he feels every attention as an approbation of his choice, he stamps a sterling importance on the favor of every friend, he counts every familiar encouragement as reflecting honor upon him from the source of his affections, and grows into favor with himself; which insensibly renders him pleasing to every one around him.

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On sensations of the most amiable kind, springing from such causes, is it surprizing that his attentions encrease, and give new delight to his attachment; his work of happiness grows with the daily encrease of confidence, and he at last consummates his hopes in undisturbed felicity.

There are ignoramuses in passion, as well as in business; many people think, or at least make believe that they think they can discover attachments, by seeing a man once or twice in familiar conversation with a lively woman, which they call encouragement: it is thus gossiping neighbours often settle the whole family economy of a couple, before they have scarcely thought of one another; young men are often thus deceived, they are led into a vain notion of hopes, arising solely from their own vanity, flatter themselves with success, ask the question
—and

—and sink, unaccepted, into ridicule and mortifying contempt.

Many of these ideas operated at this period to save me from falling into the snare ; but they served to encrease my intimacy ; a considerable time passed on in a very free and enviable intercourse in the family,—the house was my own, whenever I chose to make it so, and hospitality and unfeigned good humour constantly made my presence welcome.

If I was ever admitted to Miss Harley's confidence, it was only in the light I have described, dangerous to myself, but merely useful to her ; I found myself restrained from any flattering hopes, by the distance she constantly observed, and by the intimate knowledge I gained of a very different disposition of her affairs : I was flattered by her esteem, but I thought myself secure against the chance of falling a dupe to it.

The

The freedom with which I constantly expressed myself, was the more unbiassed, because I had none of those awes of consciousness which silence a man before his mistress:—I weighed this matter with myself,—I became wholly regardless of particular attentions, and perhaps too often of those choice moments, which in another situation of mind, would have been improved by the ardor of a lover's heart. But with her I could discuss many subjects, which most other females would avoid; and often risked opinions, which no other woman would have heard.

It will be readily imagined, that our frequent conversations, gave the busy world a topic for their tea-tables.—I was resolved that this should not deprive me of the gratification;—the tattlers of the neighbourhood spread it round, that “it was certainly to be;” my own family questioned me; I spoke freely

the truth of the case, and persisted in laughing at the world.

I confessed freely to the circle of my own connections; and never dreamt that the confession testified my attachment; that her confidence and encouragement excited my esteem; but I alleged that I knew they were not meant to lead to any returns of affection from me; that notwithstanding any surmises as to her temper, or levity, which had often undergone the most unkind discussions, I was sufficiently acquainted with her warmth of disposition to know, that wherever she fervently attached, she would continue as fervently to love; and though some might doubt it, yet if the crisis depended only on myself, I might perhaps be ready to risk the success.

Such were, in plain truth, my sentiments of the most brilliant, most liberal, most animated, and, at that time, the
most

most interesting of all my female circle. Although she acquired no advantageous aids from dress, although she was a mannerist, and all mannerists are often rather unpleasing; although she was singular in almost every trait of her character; yet this manner, this singularity, this want of dress, were amply counterbalanced by accomplishments, qualifications, and a power of mind, which ought to be recorded only by the pen of enthusiasm.

C H A P. XIV.

I HAVE lately been so much occupied with my own affairs, that I have neglected those of my brother, to which it may not be unseasonable to call the reader's attention.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to connect the desultory transactions of nearly two years; my brother had seen ample reasons, from time to time, to defer his return to the Continent, for his ardor in business was augmented by his increasing hopes of a marriage which had from his earliest youth occupied the chief bent of his desires.

My father, whose prudence always distinguished his conduct, and led him to weigh the consequences of every step with assiduous caution, before it was undertaken, had argued his son into the fullest conviction of the necessity of deferring every measure he proposed, until his situation should be such as might reasonably set him above the danger of distress : and their ideas of distress accorded tolerably well, in that to be unable to support the credit of genteel life, without perfect ease of mind, and to shine with suitable eclat in the circles of polite gaiety, without apprehensions of expence, were situations of distress, which demanded the first foundations of prudent diligence and circumspection to avoid. My brother had therefore resolved to indulge, but to conceal, his growing affection for Miss Barclay : but the pain that this concealment continually exposed him to, rendered his future success

success a far dearer purchase than commerce ever invited him to engage in.

He frequently saw her surrounded with that admiration which tends to abstract the delicacy of the female mind from the rational confidence in sincerity, which he was conscious it was no vanity to ascribe to his own breast: he saw her introduced into new circles of acquaintances, where he perhaps had no power to follow her, and where his apprehensive spirits often pictured the loss of her for ever. She had a pleasing freedom of manner, that attracted every one's notice, without the least semblance of familiarity; she was handsome, without being vain; she was blessed with an amiable sympathy, but it was void of all sentimental affectation; in a word, her perfections were the source and measure of my brother's pain.

Perhaps she had beheld him with some interest, but he had never testified the least indications of the returns he felt it his duty to suppress: and Miss Barclay, like every one of her sex, had no discernment of the passion my good brother had sufficient power over himself to conceal.

During my brother's absence abroad, I had frequently been diligent in promoting parties for her amusement, with the hope of securing for my brother a knowledge of her disposition, and perhaps to steal a moment of impressing upon her mind some short, but interesting trait of his character; and I will confess that her company at any public place was, from her personal attractions and general affability, more satisfactory to my rising emulation, from the universal envy it scattered round me, than all the pleasures of the place multiplied ten-fold.

Miss

Miss Barclay had been left an orphan; at a very early period of life; her mother, after the most painful task of rearing her from the cradle, had sunk under the loss of one of the tenderest of husbands, as as soon this their only child, had begun to profit by her fostering care: her uncle, to whose attention she was then committed, was himself a widower, whose two daughters at that time being very young, rendered it necessary that “the little orphan,” as they always called her, should be taken proper care of by some person of steady and skilful knowledge in the constitutions and habits of children.

For this purpose an industrious and tender woman was found, who came under the warmest recommendation of Mrs. Darmer, whom I have already had occasion to mention, and in whose family the nurse had lived as a waiting woman. The Miss Barclays had accidentally become acquainted with Mrs. Darmer, at

of the city assemblies, and as they were at that time just entering into notice, and were represented as good city fortunes, Mrs. D. thought it would be no harm to give the young people now and then a specimen of genteel life, by an introduction at her routs at Spring-gardens.

They were both inexperienced, loud, pert, and had the additional qualification of red hair, which, notwithstanding the eldest had a delicate complexion, rendered them odious in my brother's eyes.

As soon as the death of their aunt was announced to them, they felt an inspiring satisfaction in the having entire new dresses of different sorts to purchase: the eldest girl, who always kept up the prerogative of coming first into the room, of sitting at the head of her father's table, and of dealing out the orders of the family, assumed to herself the sole right

right of managing every thing about her own and her sister's dress; but the youngest having less toryism about her, refused to acknowledge this indefeasible right, and resolved to apply to Mrs. Darmer, for the best information of the newest taste; which obliged her sister to give up her prerogative, from the conviction, that if she pretended to balance her own judgment with that of a judge so experienced, she should certainly be eclipsed by her youngest sister.

A debate on this subject was one day interrupted by the entrance of their father, who drew a chair near to their working table, and sat down.

After a short silence, "My dears" said Mr. Barclay, "I must now expect you to turn your minds more particularly than you have ever yet had occasion for, to the duties of domestic life; you are now of an age to reflect on their im-
I 4
portance,

portance, and I have now the anxious hope that you will acquit yourselves with propriety."—He then looked attentively at his eldest daughter;—she thought it was little less than the prelude to an offer of marriage;—she looked in her father's face, gave a slight hem, and drew up;—"You know," continued he, "that your aunt has left a young, helpless child, for which my brother's will has very amply provided; but there are some reasons, not necessary to be mentioned to you now, that make me wish to have the child brought up under my own eye, and therefore I wish to entrust this task to you."

The young ladies, particularly the youngest, were much chagrined at the prospect of so much confinement, but duty and obedience led them to make the warmest assurances of their desire to fulfil all his wishes, and as soon as he had left them, they made it their first business

business to fly to Mrs. Darmer for advice, in so painful a dilemma.

Mrs. Darmer was just then bursting into all the fashionable follies which she never afterwards deserted, and in which she had become such an adept, at the time she was lately introduced to Mrs. Martin. She laughed at the girls' anxiety, taught them what kind, and how many sorts of dresses they must indispensably order, for their first mourning, and sent a strong recommendation to Mr. Barclay, of the woman to whom she proposed the care of the little orphan should be entrusted.

The young ladies being thus relieved, set forward in the eager expectation of making sudden conquests in their new cloaths, not a little elated with the interest Mrs. Darmer had taken in their behalf; but the fates were not to be dazzled by bugles or crape, and the Miss Barclays had lived to the time when I

first became acquainted with Mrs. Darmer, at Mrs. Martin's parties, to wonder at, and perhaps they may continue to this day, to condemn, the insensibility of the men.

As soon as the little orphan had passed through the several stages of the nursery, the hanging sleeve and the handkerchief, she became an inmate in her uncle's family, and sometimes was permitted to accompany her envious tutoresses to Mrs. Darmer's, who occasionally invited them all by turns to pass a few days at her house;—it was in one of these visits that my brother first saw her.

Fashion had some how or other rendered him intimate with Mrs. Darmer, which I had never known, till he communicated to me his preference for Miss Barclay, which seemed to keep pace with his fears: his manners and address had gained him an easy access in Mr. Barclay's family,

family, and a little simulation rendered him agreeable to the young ladies, who could not penetrate into his contempt for them.

Until now, Mr. Barclay's family had lived a regular course, and he had never troubled his mind with forming parties to promote the success of his daughters, nor could ever be brought to believe what they frequently assured him was essential to every young woman's interest, to be well and *frequently introduced*. Their father was a grave, studious man, who claimed a right, at his time of life, to shut out all interruptions; and affected to despise and regret the loss of time which every body spends in the pursuit of what they term pleasure. His daughters had no resource; they found no satisfactory end in their visits to Mrs. Darmer, and they began to make some of her foibles the subject of contemptuous

temptuous discussion, round their own fire-side.

In such a circle, it was certain that the little orphan stood alone ; she attracted every eye ; and people would break through the formality of her uncle's family, to have the pleasure of seeing her and conversing with her. She was soon surrounded with a train of flatterers, whose chief devotion was paid to her ;—her envious cousins, piqued at their neglect, took occasion to ridicule the dress, the manners, the attitudes, the mode of expression of every beau that presented himself ; they chid her for her affability, which they complained of as familiar freedom ; they accused her of indelicacy for accepting public tickets into mixed parties of the fairest respect ; and they poisoned the mind of their father into a dissatisfaction of her conduct, without being able to point out or to understand the cause.

Mr. Barclay complained of the continual racket at his door, that he dared not enter the parlour for the society of his girls, but he was forced to withdraw from some petticoats or some frivolous beau he had never seen there before;—if he crossed the hall, some fellow in livery presented himself, waiting an answer from Miss Barclay, whose presence was to animate some assembly, and keep the family up, he would add, till day-dawn; he condemned all this with bitterness,—his daughters had seldom done all this, and why should he suffer inconvenience for a niece;—he resolved to put her to some boarding house, but he pondered on the expence; he was provoked; he grew morose; he could not well endure the sight of her; he became disgusted with his family, and sought refuge at the coffee-house, where he made it a practice to dine almost every day: but, alas! he had other causes of disgust, which did not appear
till

till after his death. There is no fight more painful to a man than that of the person whom he has injured.

Mr. Barclay was at length taken ill ; and after a very few days confinement, gave his last blessing to his daughters, made up a hasty sketch of his affairs, destroyed his will, in which he had always declared that he had taken ample care of his niece, and sunk unlamented to the grave !

My brother, who had continued a very easy intimacy in the family, was now the only adviser and friend, to whom the two daughters thought it agreeable to apply : the painful task of funeral orders being all dispatched, he set himself to look into the old gentleman's affairs, and to advise them what measures to pursue ; he found a part of the will, on which he read these words, " I give to my niece
five

five thousand"—here the paper was torn: he found a variety of letters still sealed up, on opening which he discovered bills, which it was imagined Mr. Barclay, knowing the hand-writing of the address, had not chosen to open: these gave him suspicions of the rest of his conduct; he knew that at the death of his sister, he had remained the sole surviving executor of his brother's will, and as the residue was not specifically bequeathed, he trembled for the fate of Miss Barclay's only expectations.

The facts too well realized his suspicions; for it appeared, that during the nineteen years in which he had survived his sister, he had sold out the property with which he became entrusted, and thus died without sufficient for the payment of his debts, having reduced his family to beggary, without any apparent extravagance, and plundered his niece
of

of fifteen thousand pounds, without any probable grounds of extenuation.

The disappointment and vexation, the pride, I will say, the laudable pride, of his eldest daughter, prevented her from believing my brother's representation of their affairs; but she was too soon convinced of its truth by her own investigation. Mr. Barclay had been so careful to conceal almost from his own eye, the causes of his situation, that it was not for some time that it could be conjectured or discovered:—but his daughter observed one morning, in the room that he used to occupy as his study, a small mahogany box, which she had never yet opened: the key, after some difficulty, being found, she soon convinced herself of her father's misfortunes; the box contained a number of calculations on the price of stocks, lottery-tickets, loans, and transfer-tickets: in this manner it appeared, on more enquiry,

enquiry, that he had lavished his own and his niece's fortune.

My brother, whose zeal always bore him up above the shades of interest, was the only associate who did not leave this distressed family to the ravages of poverty; he procured the best distribution to be made of the few assets Mr. Barclay had left behind him; and having obtained places for the two daughters, as teachers in a country boarding school, he told the niece how long he had, and how tenderly he still loved her.

She had constantly esteemed him, and his perseverance and generosity now claimed her gratitude: she was assured of his sincerity, because she had never heard, or conceived his attachment for her; she had received many flattering attentions, but none which would bear any comparison with the present; she had discovered some traits of passion and attachment

tachment among her admirers, but they had all cooled as soon as her present situation became public; and though she had made use of some for her amusement, and had felt for others the dawn of increasing notice, yet she had always been impressed with that respect and esteem for my brother, which had preserved for him a far more elevated station in her mind, than for any other man she had ever seen. Her confidence now became essential to her welfare, as well as her comfort; she saw no friend near her, to whom she could with so much reliance hope for an interest in her behalf; and that interest she found him so ready to espouse, gave his character a lustre in her mind, which, fortunate as circumstances proved, hastened with unabated satisfaction to facilitate their union.

The favourable situation and prospects of my brother's affairs enabled him to make a very handsome settlement on his intended

intended wife ; and amid the approving good wishes of our own family, and the kind affections which constituted him one of the most amiable of men, I had the satisfaction of witnessing the union of two hearts, which seemed to have been reserved for each other.

Excuse me for the tears I shed on this occasion ! There are tears of happiness, as well as of sorrow : particular events draw from us those emotions, which, in their apparent effects, are the same, though they spring from very different causes. The world at large speak with a *gout* unrestrained of all weddings ;—children are taught to think the very word synonymous with happiness ;—and the performers of the scene never overcloud the sky with dreams of misfortunes, or even of their own imprudence ; but, absorbed in the sincerity of their wishes and designs, and praying for mutual affection with the most impulsive ardor, they

they eagerly embrace in warm approbation, and gladly join the chorus of surrounding joy!

Such was their case, and such should be the state of mind of all who present themselves at this animated sacrifice.

C H A P. XV.

HAVING thus introduced into our family a lady, whose disposition seemed to promise to us all a source of continual satisfaction, I am led insensibly into a needful apology for the great impoliteness of which I have been guilty, in not having, long before this time, made the reader acquainted with our own domestic circle.

My father may be seen in the few traits I have already scattered, when his name has been mentioned; to which it may be added, that he was strict in the observance of truth; devoted to the point he conceived to be right; ardent in business, but liberal in his sentiments: his education

education had given him a chearful acquaintance with the polite arts, a docile sketch of many sciences, much lively conversation, but very little resolution; he had a sympathy of feeling, that raised him above the stoic philosophy he constantly endeavoured to preach; he had a skill that conducted him to eminence in his profession, but he never acquired that common sense, which is usually known by the artful title of—a knowledge of the world. The latter part of his life was spent in study and reflection; and he determined, that the only rational enjoyment was to be found in the society of his family, and in books of theology and ethics.

Indeed we had all, my brother alone excepted, lived in the schools of philosophy; our acquaintances were chosen from the same sentiment; we were taught, at a very early age, to have a just respect for learning and learned men; and we

grew

grew up with notions that tended very much towards a contempt for the common topics of society, and to any thing which might obstruct the serious investigation of a rational enquiry.

These systems had invariably been the establishment of my future days, had not my brother's insinuating excentricity led me out of them ; but they were in some measure alleviated, and rendered less rigid, by the tenderest disposition that ever graced the female mind, in her, whom I always name with unbounded affection, and whose maternal regard for all her family, and perhaps for me in particular, often stifle my inadequate acknowledgements of gratitude to God !

But I had three sisters who followed in the same pursuits to which they had been educated: their minds were well informed, but for want of some intimate knowledge of the *belle passion*, they cultivated

tivated those sentiments which rendered them more wise than agreeable, and prevented them from tasting, with deserved satisfaction, the airy volatilities of fancy, which serve to recreate the mind, and harmonize the disposition.

From such a circle my brother had always lived an eccentric being; he could not, from the earliest of his years, brook that form, and what he deemed severe austerity of manners, which marked our family: he was peculiar, and original in all his thoughts and actions; he looked eccentric, for it was different from all other men; he spoke eccentric, for his sentiments, and even his terms and accents, were peculiar to himself; and he dressed so, because he cared but little about it: yet he pleased every body, except the formal and over respectful; he cultivated his natural bent for sympathy and passion, and knew how to admire the

the most delicate affections of the human heart.

I had grown up a chip of the old stem. My brother attempted to render me as eccentric as himself: that was impossible. He certainly made me a convert to life, and taught me to polish the rust I had acquired in my education. My father was not without his apprehensions that he should lose his disciple. How far I was able to copy two masters, of such very different schools, must be left to the reader to determine, from the perusal of this motley work.

We were all collected in a family party, on the first Christmas day after my brother's wedding, when, the conversation growing a little pathetic, I took occasion to launch forth in praise of a reciprocal affection, and expressed my conjectures, whether, if a first attachment on both sides was to be consum-

mated into an union, their happiness would not be far superior to others ?

My mother insisted, " that every first attachment was mere boyish whim ; and that both parties being too young to know the value of a judicious choice, they would, in a few years, see their disappointment."—My father declared, " he believed it better not to love at all, than to be hampered, as he called it, with too early a passion."

" Indeed, Sir," said my sister-in-law, " I have always pitied those who have never known that state of mind ; and though a person be disappointed, still there is a great advantage gained by a tenderness which is contracted in consequence, and by a pleasing gratitude which invariably follows it."

" That's true," said my brother ; " but the idea which was at first started, brings
to

to my recollection the story of Miss Margonet, whom I met with at Calais. She had been foolish enough to imagine herself deeply in love with a young man, who was then serving a sort of clerkship to a Notaire Royal, near Dessen's hotel. The young people were both under the age of seventeen, and met *par hazard* on the grand place, with their families. I saw them together the first time of my being there; and, even at that early age, it was curious to observe how the girl acted the French coquette, and amused herself with the young fellow's anxiety: she almost rendered him desperate; till at length both families were simple enough to attend them to the altar. On my last return through Calais I enquired for the young couple: only two years and a half had elapsed; they had discovered the truth of their dispositions, which had not then been formed; they saw deficiencies which they had not built up affection solid enough to excuse or supply;

ply; or, peradventure, they had seen others whom they liked better; and in this situation, after filling both houses with discontent, anxiety, reproaches, and ill fame, they had separated by mutual consent.

“True affection,” added my brother, “must be the result of a solid and judicious preference, otherwise it will never grow into maturity; and, believe me, whatever may be said by the learned, the facts we meet with in the world, are of more utility in teaching true morals to young people, than all the sermons that were ever preached.”

My father took alarm. “A good heart,” said he, “may surely be found in the church to dictate good sentiments. Facts are certainly to be respected, and such as yours are very convincing; but I see no reason for discountenancing the teachers of religion. I believe, too,”
added

added he, "that the business of the church may be clogged with some difficulties, not to say absurdities; yet it is not to be counted how many expounders of morality reach the hearts of their audience: much more, however, depends upon the example of the better sort of people; and if we would give ourselves time to acquire a thorough conviction of our duty, we should be led to see the cheerfulness there really is in all the moral obligations of religion, and which are quite as captivating as those flights of fervent emotion which have just been mentioned; and which, I don't know whether I may dare to assert, ought to be discouraged, but I rather believe so."

Why, Sir? said I.—"Because," returned he, with some quickness, "they do not originate in purity of heart."

"But, Sir," said my brother, resuming the subject, "I am afraid it must be

allowed, that the progress of religion is retarded by the dull and frigid address of many of its teachers, who never, for this reason, catch the attention of their hearers : they may, nevertheless, be worthy men ; but I wish to hear them preach as if they studied the tempers, and saw the weaknesses of mankind——as if they searched into the heart, and discovered its latent springs of action——as if they made it their business to seek out ways whereby all their hearers might be affected, by a consciousness that they were delineating *their* characters, and be rendered unable to shift off the exhortation or the blame, as too general to become applicable to themselves alone. This I conceive to be the only effectual mode of preaching. The great mischief is," continued he, " that too many clergymen let the establishment work its own way, and leave the flock to follow it. Any man may read a moral essay ; but a preacher's business is to work upon the heart.

heart. Besides, the clergy live by their profession, the mysteries of which they have found it their interest to preserve; and, whatever may be the fate of their hearers, the system still remains untouched, and secures to them the same dependance: this contributes to promote that general coolness and languor among them, which gives an air of peculiarity and novelty to the least degree of warm animation of delivery."

"I don't approve of all this, indeed," said my father. "Would you argue in favour of ranters, and decry rational and fair reasoning? If you are searching for truth, would you not rather expect to find it in a man of cool understanding, than in one of inflamed and hasty passions?"

"Most certainly," returned my brother. "But, Sir, it must be acknowledged, that the language of truth may

become dull and ineffectual by a cold delivery. Indeed, I have often considered this among the many circumstances of regret in our establishment; to which may be added, the keen dissensions among the different sects, all tending to one end—the injury of a due religious knowledge among the people. The blood of thousands has been spilt in the defence of mere words, and interpretations of words; the torch of persecution has been lighted for the destruction of mankind, to support peculiar doctrines, formed for the basest purposes.”

“I am sorry,” said my father, “to hear you talk so warmly on this matter. I hope your opinions do not lead you to neglect your duty. I think, as well as you, that Christianity is a culture for the whole world: no man more ardently desires to see it range far and wide, to enlighten the uncultivated savage, and plant its olive in the rude and remotest desert; but,

but, (I mean no reflection) I wish, while people take upon themselves to judge and decide, they would practise all the humanity of their profession. I know you to be a man of sincerity and principle, without which, I believe, I should not love you, though you are my son; but I have heard so many sceptics and freethinkers talk as you do, that I have fallen into a suspicion, that they do it to veil their deficiency in active virtue. I readily admit, that all you have represented has happened, to the disgrace of Christianity; but the persecutions of former days are gone by; mankind, throughout the globe, are less bigoted than heretofore; many enormities were then committed under the cloak of religion, which the liberality of modern times has taught us to condemn; the views and designs of crafty priests, and ambitious princes, have been restrained since the reformation; and, therefore, these chief obstacles to religion being now removed, why should

it not take its cool, uninterrupted course, by plain doctrines of truth laid before you, coolly and without violence, which arises, for the most part, in a secret design of establishing peculiar and singular principles, or perhaps in the mere aim at popularity in the preacher."

"One should think," said my mother, "that, from all you have said, this age is far more religious than former ones."

"I am inclined," said my father, "to think it is. If you consider religion abstractedly, in whatever families you find it espoused, you see it practised; but that very open liberality which is cried up in these times, is not quite so productive of honesty and sincerity as one would at first be inclined to believe. We have forgotten persecution; but, I fear, we have forgotten the influence of religion too:—I speak generally. We are presented

sented with a delightful garden, where we are charmed with rich perfumes, and never dream of the necessity of cultivating the field beyond it. But we have happily got rid of most of the difficulties and choak-pears that used to be complained of, and very little remains to be done before we shall find all our sects unite in one voice; and the time will come, and I hope soon in this country, when we shall all kneel down together with one heart, unbiaſſed by the views of sectaries, and unfettered by the dogmas of any particular church. If mankind would have suffered the plain truths of the Scripture to take their course, there could never have been any persecutions at all. The single circumstance of establishing the celibacy of the priests," said my father, "has cost more persecution than almost any other dogma in the Roman church."—

"And that," said my eldest sister, who had not thought fit to speak while her

papa and her brother were talking about religion; "and that, I am sure," said she, "is no where enjoined in Scripture."—By the time the general laugh, into which this threw all the good circle, had subsided, we looked at our watches, and separated.

C H A P. XVI.

MRS. Darmer no sooner heard of my sister's marriage, than she took every method of enquiring where she lived, which my brother would have gladly concealed from her. It was more than six months since the death of Mr. Barclay, and Mrs. Darmer had never troubled herself about his daughters, for whom she had, while in affluence, testified the warmest regard: my sister would probably have remained in the same state of neglect, if the news of her marriage had not reached Mrs. Darmer at breakfast, through the channel of the *Public Advertiser*, which is always peculiarly scrupulous of insertions of that kind. My sister had determined not to receive her, if she should call; and it happened that

she

she was one morning mortified by seeing Mrs. Martin step into her own carriage, while the servant denied his mistress to *her*. Mrs. Darmer, not accustomed to conceal any resentments she felt, told her man to drive home, and said to my sister's servant, "If that was his mistress's gratitude she had done with her."

My mind had long enjoyed an uninterrupted calm; a variety of objects seemed to have contributed to my happiness, for I was contented and pleased with every thing around me; if we look for it, we always find chearfulness in every object;—my romantic genius and a few occasional leifures, gave me frequent opportunities of indulging a variety of pursuits, that tended to improve my heart, and to cultivate habits of refinement: but these gratifications were at length intercepted by the unexpected death of my worthy friend Shirna Cambo.—He had been subject for a short time to a
fluctuating

fluctuating rheumatic gout, which rendered him impatient ; he was of a gross habit, and suffered greatly under an increasing and intermitting access of fever ; he began to perceive that his own span of life that remained was but a shadow, and he felt it passing away : he grew penfive, and secluded himself from his friends ; and at length closed his eyes without the presence of his family, who would have remembered and cherished his last words.

Myself and a few other of his friends paid him the last respect, and saw his family seated in the comfortable possession of what he had preserved by fair dealing, during a life of domestic virtue and public rectitude. There are men to whom all praise is needless, before whose characters all panegyric is trifling and vain ; such was the amiable, the excellent, the self-instructed Shirna Cambo !

But the tears that followed his hearse are his best eulogy!

How frequent it is observable, and no doubt is meant as a harbinger to awaken our fortitude, that anxieties seldom happen unaccompanied: almost every melancholy event draws with it so many consequences, that the arrival of the first notifies the approach of the second, and so forewarns us to prepare for the reception, either to combat or sustain a third: it is so in the common things of life, wherein Mr. Sterne has justly said, there is a great coincidence.

The changeableness of this climate, and some disappointments, of which I never heard or chose to enquire, threw my friend Martin into a very indifferent and alarming state of health; his usual vivacity had declined, his natural strength gradually exhausted, and he seemed to lose by rapid degrees the brilliancy of every

every other faculty than that of his accustomed generosity of heart: frequent and severe attacks had succeeded upon him ever since his marriage, till the hopes of a more settled climate brought him to a reluctant resolution of a voyage to Jamaica: he had a near relation who had long possessed a considerable plantation near Savannah-le-Mer, and therefore he preferred the paying him a visit to the voyage to Lisbon usually recommended in such cases.

I shall perhaps be smiled upon, if I speak of my concern at his departure; I shall be despised, if I talk of an affectionate wish to detain him.

One beautiful and lively infant blessed the embrace of this union; folded in its mother's arms, it knew none of her anxieties; Mrs. Martin, whose disposition was all compliance and affection to a husband, she daily reproached herself
for

for having ever reproached, never dropt a sigh of regret that could be construed into a discontent at leaving her native country and her friends ; her tears seemed only the natural tendernefs that sprung from the cause of their journey : Martin was himself the master of but a tender mind, and often found the conflict too much for his strength ; he wished me to undertake the preparations for their embarkation, which task performed, one last embrace bore with it all our emotions, and carried off one of the dearest friendships of my early days. I felt myself cast off as it were from some stupendous rock, whereto I had long been accustomed, during my brother's constant avocations, to moor my devious bark, and seemed to wander to and fro at the mercy of unguided chance, ignorant of any haven where to direct my way.

But

But a moment's reflection led me to the bosom of the best advisers for youthful inexperience; an affectionate father, and a brother tenderly solicitous for my welfare: how many are the subjects in early life on which a young man requires the most free and unbiassed direction; in all his attachments and engagements, in his sentiments of religion and mankind, in his commerce with the world, in his manners, address, his courage, his firmness; all require the pruning hand of friendship and judgment; there are also numberless occasions that continually present themselves before him and engage him into action, wherein the manner of his conducting himself stamp his public character; a sordidness, a cowardice, a surliness of temper, a tameness at insults, a reserve, or an inhumanity, are never forgotten;—in like manner, to acquit himself with eclat, to have a taste for the superior kind of pleasures, to exercise a generosity of temper,

temper, will for ever maintain him a respect and esteem that will raise his reputation wherever he goes. If I had profited in any of these points by my friendship with Martin, I had likewise shared the confidence of my father and brother alternately; and had thereby seen the advantage of comparing the opinions which the difference of age, or the partiality of relationship continually suggested.

But besides these advantages, I had been accustomed to enjoy the conversation of my friend, whose mind being well informed with the most useful and pleasing acquaintance in the *Bélles Lettres*, afforded him a brilliancy of conversation which rendered his company as valuable as it was coveted. I often remarked in him, the vast difference there is between a man that is entertaining and one that is diverting; they are superficially deemed synonymous, but there is evidently

evidently something more interesting, more mild, and equable in the former ; more lively, perhaps, but less precise in the latter : to be entertaining, seems a qualification wherein taste takes the lead ; to be diverting, is an acquisition wherein taste yields to imagination ; the former, among sensible men, is certainly most pleasing, but the latter commonly gets the preference, being far more gay. I confess, I always preferred Martin's temper of mind, as more noble, and less inconstant than the other ; as always in season, and never unacceptable : the power and art of entertaining is constantly agreeable ; that of diverting is only momentarily so ; the former never fatigues or disgusts ; but the latter not only often wearies, but is frequently troublesome.

I loved to compare my own character with others ; and though I have always been actuated by a comfortable proportion

portion of human vanity, still in these comparisons I rigidly performed the office of censor upon my deficiencies with severe austerity; thus the vanity which led me into the comparison, soon betrayed me into the keenest self-examination: an enthusiast was a denomination which most of my intimate friends, who partook of my social and unbiassed hours, often ascribed to me, and nothing proved to me the truth of the remark, after I began to reflect coolly upon myself, so effectually, as the full recollection, that I could never at that time understand that I was so;—yet this I will add, that enthusiasm is little more than a warm emotion of the soul, which gives a zest to actions founded on zeal and humanity; and though they frequently soften the heart, do not weaken the spirit of manhood.

But this enthusiasm was hereditary; my father and my brother were both
men

men who warmly maintained their convictions, and in every action of their lives testified the principles which animated their conduct; they spoke and acted from their feelings, and these gave them an energy and a liberality, which conspicuously distinguished their characters in the world: if I inherited any the least spark of this desirable, and in them it was to me a glorious lustre, it would indeed be among my faults if I did not acknowledge its effects.

I know the world laugh at the effects of principle, and smile upon these as mere speculative beings, who square their lives to their principles; I myself, nay, every one in society, who does not wholly seclude himself from the manners of men, have divers times yielded to the overbearing scoff or sneer, or jocular discouragement of foolish companions, and afterwards repented of their weakness; but in such cases where the effect

is

is not criminal, a well grounded conviction will always return with new force, and if it mingles with its contrition a portion of odium for the conduct, it gains new vigor to resist with redoubled and calm resolution, a second danger.— But if a man's enthusiasm can be said to hold up to him a mirror that reflects an example too refined for practice, it must be allowed, that it reflects only the principles of his own mind ; and if there be any blame, it must rest upon the blind neglect of it by the generality of men.

The similitude of years and sentiments which had rendered permanent every act of confidence that passed between my brother and myself, now united all their captivating effects to supply the loss I sustained in the departure of my friend Martin.—My brother had advised him not to provide a passage for his family, as the disadvantages and inconveniences of their arrival and residence in Jamaica, would

would be insurmountable. Martin had left his wife with a full resolution to abide this opinion; but on his arrival at Portsmouth, the ship in which he was to sail, was detained a considerable time for a fair wind, and the hope of seeing him once more induced Mrs. Martin to risk the fatigue and chance of a fruitless journey for that purpose. Her child and its nurse accompanied her: they arrived but a few hours before the ship got under weigh; the delight of seeing each other again was a pleasure not to be interrupted, there was room for another passenger in the cabin, and what could forbid their sailing together? Affection will always outrun prudence. The presence of Mrs. Martin and her child rendered the voyage more pleasing to her husband, but it frustrated the end proposed: the ship had nearly proceeded half her voyage, when she was hailed by a French privateer, which soon after brought her to; desperate resolution

spread alike throughout the ship's company, and Martin fell by the hands of one of the enemy. The crew resisted as long as their strength lasted, when, overpowered by numbers, and the knowledge of arms and discipline, they were reduced to surrender : Mrs. Martin, with her helpless infant, were among those who were suffered to remain in the captured vessel, under the guard and convoy of the privateer,—but the number of shot the vessel had received, or from what other cause has never been ascertained, she soon after foundered, and every soul on board perished !

Martin's life had been checquered with many distresses and misfortunes in his expectations and prospects, which were now closed ; I would not dare arraign the dispensations of heaven, but let me hope that he now meets his reward ! The various lot of life is wonderful ; whilst I have floated in blessings and comforts,

forts, which I did not always know how to value, this friend, in the midst of affluence, has often strove with the pangs of anguish and disappointment; the malevolence of enemies he did not seem to deserve, and unkind mistrusts, which the poison of calumny invented: and yet his resolution bore him up under the weight of so much aggravating concern, with manly fortitude; but he yielded to the imperious torrent of his fate, while he beheld the dawn of a rising and beautiful family!

Will the reader deny me the poignancy of these points? Will he tell me of fallacious dependencies on human schemes and brittle hopes?—He will not thus laugh at his own nature; he will reflect for a while, that these are parts of our burden, and will be ashamed to add unfeeling casuistry to their weight!

C H A P. XVII.

MY brother's family circle was often encreased by the social intercourse of some female friend, while he was occupied with his affairs; my sister would otherwise have passed many dull hours alone, which has a wonderful proneness to engender regret or dissatisfaction. My brother encouraged all her intimacies, and was resolved to set the world an example, that when a woman marries, it is unreasonable to debar her of her former friendships. "There can be no danger, where the affections are fixed like ours," he would often say; "there can be no danger, but rather an advantage, in cultivating the continuance of those confidences which are begun in the early communications of female prospects."

I was

I was surprised one evening, by finding Miss Lambert at one of my sister's parties. I had not known that any acquaintance had subsisted between her and my sister; and I had some awkward excuses to make for the long time which I had suffered to elapse without calling at her mother's: she was not, however, backward to forgive, and therefore, drawing her chair from one of the card tables, from which she had purposely excluded herself, she favoured me with her conversation.

She referred to the story of her father, and the wild proposals since made to her mother by Mr. Stevens; a subject so interesting could not but engage all my attention. She said, that the gentleman who had accompanied Stevens at the opera proved to be a very old friend of her father's, whose intimacy at their house during the time of their prosperity, rendered him well acquainted with all

her father's affairs; that, having himself some connections in the West Indies, he knew that Stevens was a man of real fortune; that he had been in America since the time that Lambert absconded, and had accidentally met with him at a small village up the country; that he seemed to have no apparent employment there, but appeared ragged and poor,—spoke in a sort of haste and perturbation, and had the florid aspect of health; that his eyes were full of expression, and his face half obscured by the careless length of his beard:—he said he had married a negro woman, who had deceived him; that he was distracted with all the world, and had fared just as ill in America as he had done in other parts of the world; and that, therefore, he had resolved to break off from society.

“The whole of this,” added Miss Lambert, “is the effect of gaming—it produces every vice, and every horror.

It

It is often," added she, "that when a man is reduced to so forlorn a condition, those who have partaken of his affluence quit him; but *he* has flown from *them*—he has put it out of the power of any real friend to palliate his distress."

Miss Lambert never spoke of her father and his follies with half so much blame as she had done **at** this moment. I doubted whether some latent cause was not ready to break forth; and, after a short pause, she added, with a fulness of heart, that his conduct had stood in the way of all their prospects and advancements in life.

I ventured, upon the strength of our old acquaintance, to hope that she did not refer to any new cause of regret. She hesitated some time; and at last said, that a young gentleman, of a very reputable family abroad, and who had not long been in England, had made her the

most honourable proposals; but that the little fortune he could command was insufficient to remove the few wants to which her present situation had reduced her. Had her father considered the welfare of his family, she might have, long ago perhaps, been happily provided for.

Surely, said I, it is possible to conclude an affair of this kind, that must be so essential to this gentleman's happiness:—let me be useful to you in the affair.

“Nothing, Sir, can be done,” returned she: “for my own part, I have now lived so long on the small pittance that my mother has divided amongst us, that parsimony is not new to me; but—”
—Perhaps, said I, the gentleman had greater expectations; but he does not know half your merit.—“You are very kind,” said she. “I can never recall a man who looks for fortune, and is disappointed at finding only a woman!”

—May

—May I ask his name?—“Morençon,” added she.—Morençon!—does my brother know this?—“I might, perhaps, have told him,” said Miss Lambert; “but the present company prevents me.” I am impatient, resumed I, to put a pleasing conclusion on this affair: will you suffer me to take your part upon myself?—“You are very kind,” answered she. “I believe I have it not in my power to forbid you:—but, as I see nobody else here that I know, I shall—bid you adieu.”

As I was attending her to the coach, that had been waiting for her, I asked if her mother had seen, and liked Morençon! She hesitated:—at length she replied—“My mother liked him very well, till he made himself known; and now she cannot bear to hear his name.”

It is certainly a great want of candour to yield to the calumny and prejudice

which tincture almost every family whenever this grand question is asked, and rejected or disapproved:—from a desire in one party to become the nearest friend to the other, arises a strange mistrust, and he is driven off with a scorn, due only to the most abject enemy! Some women think they have a prerogative to laugh at the pain they have, perhaps, occasioned. Men dare not, and, thank God, cannot act thus:—they feel a delicacy on such occasions, which secures them even from an inconsiderate smile. The friends and family of the woman assume a sort of right to jeer, and make a bye word of the name or manners of the man who is fruitless in his assiduities; and these, with the multitude of other obstacles, some almost insurmountable, lean so strongly in favour of celibacy, and render the pursuit of attachments so precarious, that so few, who have ever contracted any of the habits of living alone, are ever to be persuaded out of them.

As

As the company was dispersed, I communicated to my brother the charge I had undertaken. His surprise at learning that Morençon was in England, awakened all his reflection: he knew that Morençon had already dissipated all that his father had to spare, and therefore he knew that Miss Lambert must have been deceived; but, before he put a negative on my progress, he determined to find him out, and know, if possible, the truth of his situation.

We found Morençon in a decent apartment, in Cecil-street: on our entering his room, he rushed into my brother's arms, and embraced him with the warmest cordiality, calling him his deliverer. "I returned," said he, "to Chatillon, after we parted, time enough to close the eyes of my father, who has divided his fortune between my mother and myself. During his last illness he had communicated his intentions to her,

of reckoning what he had advanced me as a part of my portion, but my mother persuaded him to divide his property equally. This generosity," said he, "is an additional proof of that love she always shewed me; but her caution was not of much avail, for, within two months after we had attended my father to his grave, my mother was carried off by a fever, which then raged at Chatillon, and thus the whole came into my possession. My former habitation now became solitary, and my reflections too keen to be trusted to themselves: I looked back with horror on the misguided years I had lavished away at Paris, and therefore resolved to visit England, where I might hope to be occupied, at least for the present, by a change of scene."

"Have you any thoughts of continuing here?" said my brother.—"Only one circumstance would prevent me,"

returned he.—“ May I ask it ?” said my brother.—“ You know it already,” said Morençon ; “ there is a name that hangs upon your lips, and drags a chain across my heart, that no efforts can remove !” —“ Have patience,” said my brother ; “ all may be better than you think for.” —“ Never,” exclaimed he, furiously : “ can you say so, who saw the pangs I suffered, and heard the cause—and when I tell you that I saw St. Fondar in London, and his wife with him !”

“ This is revenge, Morençon :—you was prevented from destroying her honour :—you know you did not love the woman ;—you know that all differences have subsided on his part :—renounce this passion, and be a man—superior to the base spirit of men, who, like a viper, screen their venom, till they have a lucky moment to spit it out !”

“ But,

“But, Sir,” said he, “I was treated with contempt!”—“You deserved it,” returned my brother. “Would you not have acted like St. Fondar on a similar occasion? But you did wrong; you have been punished for it more by your own reflections, than by St. Fondar. The world can never know it:—St. Fondar, for the honor of his wife, dare not speak of it here; at Paris it is forgotten: then compose your mind, and deem the offence expiated.”

“Oh! would to God I could talk thus to my own heart!—But that I can never hope to do. I lose myself when I reflect—I have so many foolish scenes that rush before me, that I am quite lost; but I must quit them!”

“Forbear such wild raving,” said my brother. “I expected to have found you a very different being. I have amusements and invitations for you; and
you

you must begin, by dining with me to-morrow."

"I have one invitation, and that is enough for me." He then paused; and, after a silence of some minutes, he rose from his seat, and stretching hastily across the room, looked sternly at my brother, and said, with forced emotion, "Sir, I do not ask your advice where to go—No one has a right to prevent me—I am now my own master." Then turning to the window, and gnashing his teeth—"Oh! St. Fondar! St. Fondar!"

"What is your invitation?" said my brother. He made no reply, but frowned a reproof at the question.

Our presence became mutually irksome: we were much at a loss what measure to pursue; and as François, his valet, attended us to the door, we gave him directions to watch his master's

conduct, lest the agony of his mind should lead him into any act of violence.

I had passed the following day at my brother's house, when the servant entered the room, and acquainted him that a French footman was very urgent to speak with him;—we went together into his study, where François followed us:—He said, that his master rose before day-break, and having himself taken down and prepared a case of pistols, ordered his attendance, without entering into any explanation: that he held him by his arm, that he should not leave him, till they came together to the furthest corner of Hyde-park, where having waited three quarters of an hour, without exchanging a syllable, two gentlemen arrived; that his master was so eager to proceed to the fatal business for which it now plainly appeared they had met, that he measured out the paces himself, and put himself in the posture of firing.—
St.

St. Fondar and his friend endeavoured to interpose, and persisted in not beginning the affair, until Morençon was provided with a second;—he was deaf to every persuasion, and roused to a fury of desperation, demanded of St. Fondar to dismiss his friend, that they might fire without interruption.—François was commanded to a considerable distance, but before he had arrived at it, he heard both pistols, and turning quickly round, saw his master fall: he ran to his assistance.—St. Fondar received a ball in the right shoulder, but Morençon received his at his heart: he breathed a few minutes in great agony, uttered some sounds, which he could not articulate, and sunk lifeless into the arms of his servant!—"I have conveyed the body home," said François, "but I don't know what to do with it." My brother gave him directions about the funeral, which we both attended; and having opened his desk and looked into his
papers,

papers, found about the value of one thousand pounds in pistoles, louis d'ors, and a small quantity of English money; and having defrayed the few trifling demands he had contracted here, wrote to his agent at Paris, to whom he remitted the balance, for the purpose of an equal distribution among his remaining creditors.

Thus fell a young man, whose talents would have done honor to any post, and whose natural disposition would have secured him universal esteem: but an ill judged education, a false encouragement, and flattery of his early abilities, seduced his mind from real virtue and a love of true honor, into effeminate dissipation, and uncontrouled vanity; the united bane of human happiness!

C H A P. XVIII.

I HAD some difficulty to arrange my ideas, and to pursue with delicacy the task which now pressed upon me.—Miss Lambert had once occupied many of my young and exulting moments ;—she had perceived her growing power over me, saw its effect, and could not have been blind to the measures I had adopted to recover my lost indifference :—I own it was no easy task for me to acquaint her with the news of Morençon's untimely death, without those emotions which not only herself, but every woman in her situation, would have ascribed to a dormant passion : although my difficulties increased with my reflections, yet I refused my brother's proposal of waiting upon her himself.

I found

I found her on the following morning sitting with her mother; her hands clasped together, and her eyes fixed upon a news-paper, which lay on the table before her:—she put the paper towards me, with her finger on a paragraph, which saved me the pain of relating either the event or the melancholy circumstances attending it, and concluding with an account of St. Fondar having immediately set off for Dover.—I looked in her face—it was sullenly overcast, but no tears softened the distress she felt;—she was mortified;—she had been deceived by his appearance, and knew not whom she should not now suspect.

“I told you,” interrupted her mother, “that his manners were those of a man who had seen more of the world than he could ever dare to own; but you was led away by an insinuating warmth of expression, by a spirit and fire of gaiety: there is no dependance, no lasting society
to

to be formed with people of irregular company; they cannot long support themselves in social life; it has not that edge which they have been accustomed to find with those whose interest it has been to flatter their vanity and study their pleasures; their dogs, their horses, their fingers, and buffoons."

"You thought very differently, but the other day," said Miss Lambert.

"I will allow that," returned her mother; "but since I have been deceived in my conjectures, am I not at free liberty to recur to those original ideas which will too obviously strike *my mind*! Experience surpasses every speculation; for a woman to attempt the reformation of a rake, while he is young, is a pretty fabulous notion, not founded in fact."

Surely,

Surely, said I, it depends much on the manner and spirit which a woman will, or is able to take, to effect so good a purpose.

“ Oh, Sir,” resumed she, “ this subject has too long occupied all my thoughts not to feel myself in some measure a confident in my experience. Women, I will allow, do acquire spirit by their commerce with men ; and they learn too soon in life how necessary it is to embellish it with decent appearances ; men acquire spirit by their commerce with us, (I mean that spirit only which marks the gentleman) when they know the value of what we grant, and when they confine within their own breast the ascendancy which they see they have gained : he who is accustomed only to the free conversation of bad women, visibly shews that he has no spirit in our company ; and when I see a man, who, not being indisposed, is lost in a circle of young women of character,

character, I generally suspect that a double entendre, or the entrance of a girl who does not pique herself on much delicacy, would rouse him: and then I cannot avoid marking that man's companions."

You are very severe in your judgments, said I; these are sentiments which would tend to disgust your daughter against men whose delicacy may prevent them from being forward, and who may wait for some encouragement, before they are able to mingle freely in a female circle. Pleasures may not be so captivating as you seem to think; there is not a man in a thousand who continues long amongst them; they so constantly tire themselves and change with so much rapidity, that you must confess pleasure blunts its own ardor.

"That I never can confess," returned she, "for it is variety which renews the lost spirits, and gives a new charm;—
this

this poor young man, that is not worth lamenting, has fallen a dupe to it : and remorse and revenge, and every discordant reflection, has hurried him to his end :—his introduction to me was from a gentleman at Rheims, at whose house I have passed some of my earliest days, before I began to know, that when women confess to a man of the world, that they love him, they may from that moment date his future infidelity.”

I found it was in vain to argue with Mrs. Lambert : poor good woman ! she spoke from the keenest edge of disappointment, and all her opinions were reduced to unfavourable suspicion, or sarcastic surmise !

I doubted whether I could judge from appearances, that Miss Lambert was very much affected by her loss for Morençon ; but I could without any doubt clearly discern

discern that she was mortified at having lost a lover. The chief of our pleasures, in the mazes of the heart and mind, spring from vanity; and we may always, without offence, (indeed I never found any woman of my acquaintance angry at an ascription of power, which in them is an inherent desire, and therefore I must persist in my original axiom, that women are by nature Tories) we may always, I say, apply to them, what honest John Dyer applied to all mankind—

“ A little rule, a little sway,
 “ A sun beam in a winter’s day,
 “ Is all the proud, the mighty have,
 “ Between the cradle and the grave.”

GRONGAR HILL.

I pitied Miss Lambert, but I could not disentangle her from the net in which she lay. She, like many other young ladies whom I have since known, eagerly coveted the society of others, in preference to that of her own family. I

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think

think I have discovered that this disposition arises from their being yet totally unacquainted with the power of comparison, because they have not seen mankind beyond the circle of their own drawing room; and therefore they cannot have seen the great similarity there is among men: they even go into other families, and actually find things just the same there; but passion and prejudice sharpen their fancy into a preference—they mayry—and sink into the very same track they have despised.

I found this temper grow upon my young friend. I did not dare warn her of it; but I marked her down for an old maid.

What were the chain, or result of her reflections on this occasion, I was never permitted to hear; but it happened, about a month after, that as I approached the house I perceived a coach at the
door,

door, the passage filled with boxes and furniture, and the whole house corresponded in the confusion of a hasty departure.

I expressed my surprize.—“ You have not thought it worth your while to enquire,” said Miss Lambert.

It is scarcely a month—said I——“ A very short time, indeed,” interrupted she; and springing into a coach—“ Good bye” added she; “ if we chance to meet again, it will be in Switzerland.”——In Switzerland! exclaimed I, in amazement.—Mrs. Lambert came down stairs to join her daughter.—To what part of Switzerland? said I.—“ To Berne,” answered the old lady:—“ had we seen you before, you should have heard the cause of our departure; we have now only time to say, that we hope for better fortune than we have found here.”

Miss

Miss Lambert put out her hand towards me, which I passionately kissed. I thought she looked beautiful in the half-stifled emotions of a last adieu. I bid, God bless them; and we separated, as I then thought, for ever.

What a mystery, said I to my brother, hangs about this journey, so distant and so sudden!

“A mystery not worth fathoming,” returned he.

END OF VOL. I.